

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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## A MOVE-ON WITH PEACE

See  
Page  
Two

### LONDON'S LITTLE POLAR BEARS

#### WHY THEY ALWAYS DIE

A Problem of the Zoo That No Man Can Yet Solve

#### THE MICROBE OF DOOM

The successful rearing of cubs of wild animals at the Zoo this summer has drawn attention to an aspect of infant life in Regent's Park where failure occurs invariably. This is in regard to the polar bears.

The discussion on the subject has led to a curious error; it has been stated that the death of polar bear cubs is due to their being handled too soon by men. That is entirely incorrect.

The Zoo polar bears are magnificent animals, as big, fine, and healthy as any in the Arctic, and year after year healthy cubs are born. Whether handled or left untouched, the young ones die.

#### The Villain of the Piece

There is no secret about these tragedies; no mismanagement is responsible.

Polar bear cubs born in London are brought face to face with a problem which in various forms, in various parts of the world, challenges humanity itself. The villain of the piece is a microbe. In the Tropics microbes produce terrible and fatal diseases in man and animals; in England the microbe which is fatal to the polar bear attacks the lungs and produces pneumonia and other ills.

A polar bear can kill a man or a dozen men in turn, yet a microbe can kill a bear. How, then, do the parent bears rear their offspring in the wilds? The answer is that the frigid climate in which polar bears thrive best is too much for the microbe.

In the Arctic the mother bear buries herself in the snow and endures a long fast. She is enormously fat; fat like blubber lies three or four inches thick beneath her hide. During her long rest she is sustained by nourishment stored in the fat, and has neither need nor desire to eat.

#### At Home in the Arctic

The cubs come into the world when winter is at its height, and the mother does not stir abroad. Warmed and nourished by her, they lie snug and secure, growing with great rapidity, so that when spring appears they are competent little animals, able to roam with pace and strength. There are no microbes in the Arctic to invade their lungs and imperil their lives.

In London the case is different. Nothing yet devised can keep these little ones safe. There are two dangers. The absence of their snowy prison permits the little ones to wriggle from the mother and so invite a chill; and there is no way known by which the deadly microbes can be expelled from the air they breathe. The dice are too heavily loaded against them.

### Moving a River



Owing to the erosion of the coast at Crosby, eight miles from Liverpool, which has been causing considerable anxiety to residents in the neighbourhood, an attempt is being made to form a new channel for the River Alt. This picture shows a charge of explosive being placed in position during the blasting operations.

### THE DOCTOR AND THE BRIGAND

WHEN people in Shiraz heard that the young English surgeon from the Government Hospital had performed a wonderful operation and saved the life of an important Persian minister they must have said:

"Now he has made a useful friend!"

No one could guess that he had made a far more useful one when he stepped out of his door one day to find a man lying wounded and helpless in the road. The wounded man was a brigand, and he had been punished for his crimes in the ruthless manner associated with Oriental justice. Never more would he be able to walk; he would have to crawl about for ever, a beggar whom nobody would pity and naughty boys could stone with impunity.

But his wounds were fresh. The young English doctor carried the poor rogue into the hospital and operated. The operation proved successful and a day came when the brigand walked

out of the hospital cured and happy. After that Dr. Woollatt could go about alone in places where other people dared not go even with escorts, and this fact provided him with opportunities to help many sick people.

Then war clouds rolled up. There was danger from the Bolsheviks. Foreigners had to flee from the danger zone, and their flight was full of peril. But Dr. Woollatt and his young family went in safety because the brigands had posted guards all along the route from the interior to the coast. With most people, a French cynic said, gratitude is only a strong desire for greater benefits to come, but gold could not have bought what gratitude brought the doctor then.

It is sad to think that this brilliant man, who saved so many lives and had narrowly escaped death on war service when a ship was torpedoed, should now have lost his life through a motor accident in France.

### THE WIDOW'S MITE A THREEPENNY-BIT FOR GOOD SERVICE

An Offer That Surprised the  
Postmaster-General

#### WHAT SHOULD HE HAVE DONE?

In the little Welsh post office of the village among the hills the widow who was the postmistress in charge was at her wits' end.

A telegram had just ticked itself over the wires. She had conscientiously transcribed it, but she had no one to whom to entrust this important envelope. It was for a house some distance away. She felt it was important that the telegram should get there as soon as possible.

She was greatly worried. She felt somehow that she ought to have kept someone with her in the village shop who could have taken it. She would have run out herself if it had not been such a long way off; but the shop, and certainly the postal telegraph office, must not be left.

#### An Important Volume

Then she took down that important volume which so few of us, not being postmasters or postmistresses, ever read, perhaps because it looks so large and dear—the Post Office Guide. She turned over the pages till she came to Messengers and Telegrams. There she read that, failing official messengers, any honest and trustworthy person might be employed to carry a telegram.

An honest and trustworthy messenger; the widow repeated the phrase to herself, and, as if she had been uttering the words of a charm, at that moment a person entered the village shop.

The widow glanced at him. A respectable man certainly. A pleasant, honest face which looked as if the keen eyes often glimmered from behind spectacles. The right man had come at the right moment. To him the postmistress explained her dilemma, and sharply asked a question or two about character. Then she offered him three-pence to take her telegram.

#### The Threepenny-Bit

The trustworthy man smiled. He was a little astonished at the offer. He looked at the proffered threepenny-bit and smiled again. What he did next we are not quite certain.

It was Mr. Lees Smith, the Postmaster-General!

He tells the story of this meeting between himself and the little widow, but he does not say whether he took the fee and the telegram. We have reasons, however, for thinking that he did, because Mr. Lees Smith is a great public servant, who would feel it his duty to help a lesser one.

But the widow will not forget her meeting with the P.M.G., and the P.M.G. will always remember her with a smile.



## A VIKING COMES TO LONDON

THE ROALD AMUNDSEN'S VOYAGE

Another Adventure in a Viking Ship 1000 Years Ago

### LONGFELLOW'S STORY OF THE SEA KING

For the first time since the days of Plantagenet kings of England a Viking ship has come to London.

It sailed up the Thames estuary past Rochester and the Medway, where before the Normans came the Viking pirates used to raid and burn, and finally rested under the shadow of St. Thomas's Hospital.

#### The Old and the New

This was a ship of peaceful adventure, but no Viking craft had ever before reached so far up London's river, except perhaps that one whose ruined timbers were found in the Thames and were transferred to the Terrace of the London County Hall near by. If those old timbered bones could speak what a tale they might have had to tell to this fine new Viking ship built as Oslo! The old craft was perhaps a desperate adventurer, carrying fire and sword and fighting men.

It would, perhaps, have been surprised to find that the Oslo Viking ship was named not after some ancient pirate, like Forkbeard or Berserk the Red, but after Roald Amundsen, a chief among men indeed, but one who lost his life in trying to save them.

Still more would the County Hall relic have been astonished to find that the new ship was not in search of plunder, was not even a hardy trader like its forbears who were admitted to the Port of London in the days of the Plantagenets.

#### Retracing Old Steps

But if romance, as Kipling says, comes up with the morning train from the suburbs, it may easily be revived by the Roald Amundsen. Its chieftain is Captain Folgers, the same man who, in a smaller ship, sailed from Norway in the path that Leif Erikson took nearly a thousand years ago, driving westward, as the saga goes, till he sighted the shores of New England.

Captain Folgers has a crew of six, and before crossing the Atlantic to America his little vessel will sail from London to Havre, then up the Seine to Paris; from Paris back across the Bay of Biscay to Vigo, and down to Cadiz. From Cadiz it will go up the Guadalquivir, there to be at Seville beside the replica of the Santa Maria in which Columbus set sail for America.

These two ships, if they could tell all the legends of the sea, might also have much to say to one another before they hoist their sails to set forth for the Western Continent.

#### Gudrid the Fair

One legend at any rate the Roald Amundsen might repeat to the Santa Maria when echoing its captain's wish that there had been a heroine on board to give distinction to the voyage. The Scandinavian story is that Gudrid the Fair sailed with her husband Thorwald the Viking on a voyage from Greenland to Boston in the year 1007.

It was on this legend that Longfellow founded his poem of the Sea King who complained:

I was a Viking old!  
My deeds, though manifold,  
No Skald in song hath told,  
No Saga taught thee;

and who snatched his bride away from her kinsmen to accompany him on that voyage in which "Three weeks we westward bore—then cloudlike we saw the shore stretching to leeward." In Longfellow's story the Viking and his bride settled there, and their children became American citizens. *Picture on page 9*

## Hope Rules at Geneva

### THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE

How to Build Foundations Under Our Castles in the Air

### M. BRIAND'S STIRRING APPEAL TO YOUTH

When children and youths are taught the love of peace, when they are taught to respect sister peoples, to seek for what unites men rather than what separates them, on that day peace will already be established among the nations and we shall no longer need to measure out security and set in motion the machinery of the Covenant.

So spoke the eloquent Prime Minister of France, M. Briand, in the opening debate of the Tenth Assembly of the League of Nations. C.N. readers have already reached the happy stage he describes, and it is for them to spread the message till all the world is aglow with it.

#### Inspiring Eloquence

It is the custom of the League Assembly to open its proceedings with eloquent orations; and it is not a bad custom, for the delegates need all the inspiration they can find in the difficult and intricate discussions that must follow on practical methods of embodying their ideals. Mr. MacDonald, the British Prime Minister, quoted in his opening speech the opinion of a witty Englishman that the right place for castles was in the air, and that it was our business to build foundations under them in order that they might be properly supported.

The Pact of Peace is a castle, and the Assembly is going to build up the foundations to support that castle.

The Pact of Peace, or the Paris Pact, or the Kellogg Pact, whichever it is called, renounces war as an instrument of policy among nations, and practically all the nations of the world, all the great nations, have signed it. But if we renounce one instrument we must replace it by another, for the nations must have some method of regulating their relations with each other.

By Clause 12 of the Covenant of the League the nations agree to submit their disputes to arbitration or else to inquiry by the League Council, and promise not to go to war till three months after the decision has been given. But by the Pact of Peace they have agreed not to go to war at all. Clearly, then, the Covenant must be brought up to date.

#### No More War

What we need are binding agreements by which every kind of dispute that cannot be settled by direct discussion between the parties shall be referred to its appropriate court of arbitration, the decision of the court ending the matter. There must be no war—after three months or thirty.

The Optional Clause of the Statute of the International Court at The Hague binds those who sign it to submit all questions of law or of fact arising between them for decision by that Court. Mr. MacDonald has told the Assembly that Britain will sign this clause before the Assembly disperses, and that he believes the British Dominions will do likewise. M. Briand has made the same announcement for France. France signed some time ago, but on conditions which have not been fulfilled; now these conditions are withdrawn. America will sign very soon. Germany and a number of others signed some time ago without any such reservations.

But there are a great many disputes that do not turn merely on questions of law or of fact, but on conflicting desires or ambitions. For these the Assembly has already prepared a model Arbitration Treaty known as the General Act, which members have been recommended to sign. Germany and many others have already signed it. M. Briand announces that France will sign it.

Britain and the Dominions are still considering it, but their final decision can hardly be in doubt.

But if the world has renounced war why does it continue to arm? The Pact of Peace means disarmament, or it is a sham. Here too, happily, there is hope of progress. Mr. MacDonald told the Assembly he hoped to announce before its rising that Britain and America had come to an agreement on a plan to be submitted to the other Naval Powers for fixing the proportions of their navies and finding a scale for their substantial reduction. Mr. Henderson, our Foreign Minister, has called for a fresh effort to solve the far more complicated problem of the reduction of land forces.

#### The Grave Menace of Tariffs

People are coming to realise at last that tariffs are only a less grave menace to peace than armaments. A movement was started under the League two years ago for their general reduction, but so far it has come to very little. M. Briand calls for a fresh attempt. He wants to see Europe federated politically and economically without interfering with the sovereignty of each nation.

The Belgian Foreign Minister, M. Hymans, also spoke of the injury done by the absurd tariff barriers between them. If these two statesmen can really make Europe see this they will have done a fine service to the cause of peace. The nations will wait eagerly for further particulars of M. Briand's "United States of Europe."

It is clear that something has happened at Geneva to restore the old sense of hopefulness and enterprise which has been a little under eclipse of late. M. Briand has certainly contributed to this, but we may reasonably attribute the greatest share to the influence of Great Britain. The fears and hesitations that so perplexed her friends have gone; she is stepping once more into the position of leadership in Geneva which Lord Cecil gave her in years gone by.

It is significant that Lord Cecil, though a Conservative, is a member of the delegation sent by the present Labour Government. Britain, in the words of her Prime Minister, is urging the League once more "to face its problems on the assumption that the risk of war breaking out is far less than the hope of peace being permanently observed," and that "there is just as much security in a political agreement as there is in a regiment of soldiers or in a fleet of battleships."

#### CARLYLE AT HOME

Two old gentlemen of eighty have just passed a very pleasant hour. They are Sir James Crichton-Browne and Mr. Alexander Carlyle, Thomas Carlyle's nephew, and they were both concerned with the unveiling of a new statue to the memory of Carlyle.

The statue stands at The Hags, Ecclefechan. It is a copy of Sir Edgar Boehm's fine statue on the Chelsea Embankment. So now the two places where Carlyle's life was mainly lived have each got the same form of memorial.

Mr. Alexander Carlyle presented the new memorial to Ecclefechan. It seemed to him that the place where Carlyle was born and buried ought not to be allowed to forget. Mr. Alexander Carlyle's granddaughter, Miss Betty Carlyle, did the unveiling. We are very pleased to hear of this family recognition in which England is allowed to share.

## SIX MILES A MINUTE

Lessons of the Schneider Race

When, in 1913, the first race for the Schneider Trophy was won at a speed of 45 miles an hour none dared say or even believe that in sixteen years' time the speed would be increased more than sevenfold.

Yet that is what happened when Flying-Officer Waghorn won this year's race for Britain at the amazing speed of 328.63 miles an hour. This was an average speed for the whole course, nearly 220 miles, which included fourteen very sharp turns, so it is almost certain that the Rolls-Royce Supermarine seaplane must have reached over 350 miles an hour at times.

#### Man and His Machine

Perhaps the most astonishing fact about this race is that a man can retain control of a machine travelling at so great a speed, when the slightest error of judgment is sufficient to cause disaster. Astonishing it is, too, to think of the brainwork which has gone into the engine and the machine, not only to make such a speed possible, but also to enable such a fragile-looking craft to withstand the enormous strains.

When we mentioned to an elderly lady of our acquaintance the fact that the speed attained would mean that the journey from London to Brighton would take only about eight minutes, or from London to Edinburgh little more than an hour, it reminded her that her own mother would never travel in a train because trains went too fast for her liking!

Six miles a minute is now the speed of racing planes, but before many years are gone the lessons learned will make it possible for this speed to be normal for commercial purposes. What a small place the world will be then, with Australia less than two days' journey from England!

#### SEVEN CATS AND A HEN

"I have been adopted by seven wild cats," said Miss X.

The Country Girl wondered if it were a touch of the sun, but no, Miss X was stating a fact.

She keeps a few hens in a large disused greenhouse, and one morning when she came to feed the hens she found seven cats there.

They have made the greenhouse their headquarters ever since.

"I do not feed them," said Miss X, "though sometimes I see them feeding from the same dishes as the fowls. I think they must live by catching field mice and (I am afraid) birds. But I do not know. They are just independent wild creatures who come to human beings neither for food nor caresses."

One of the cats has made great friends with a certain hen. Wherever the hen wanders in garden or field the cat follows her, deserting its furry brothers for its feathered friend.

It is odd to see the old hen scratching and pecking, taking no notice of the affectionate cat at her heels.

#### THINGS SAID

Fine men, like fine steel, are tempered through the fiercest fires. Wayside Pulpit  
God help the man who must dress like that to enjoy himself.

A visitor to a golf course

One of the greatest risks of war is that some of us—all of us—are still too heavily armed. The Prime Minister

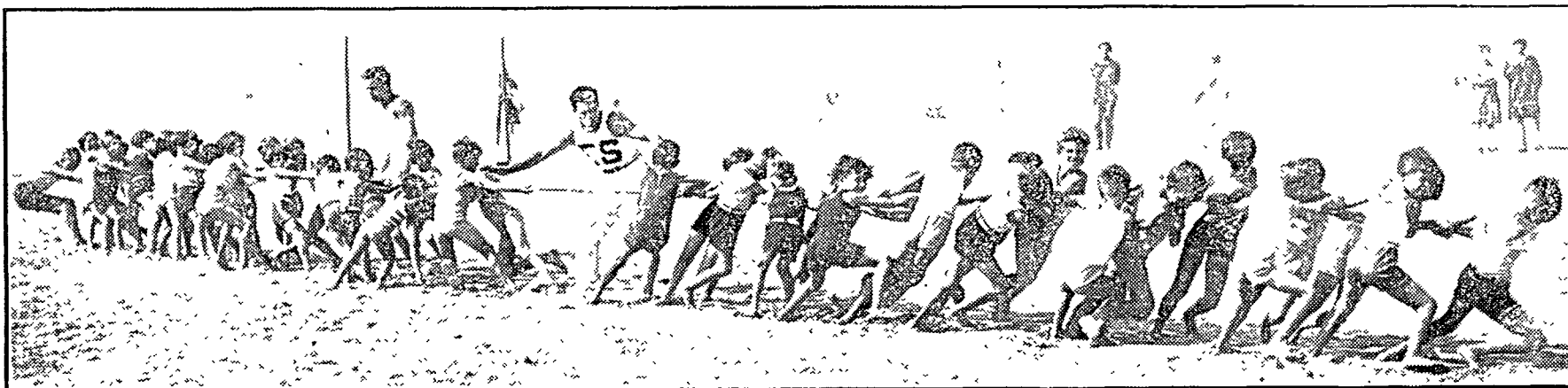
If they resolutely unite for that purpose the women of today will be able to beat the warmongers. M. Briand

All homes have a skeleton in the cupboard, but Englishmen hang worse things on the walls as pictures.

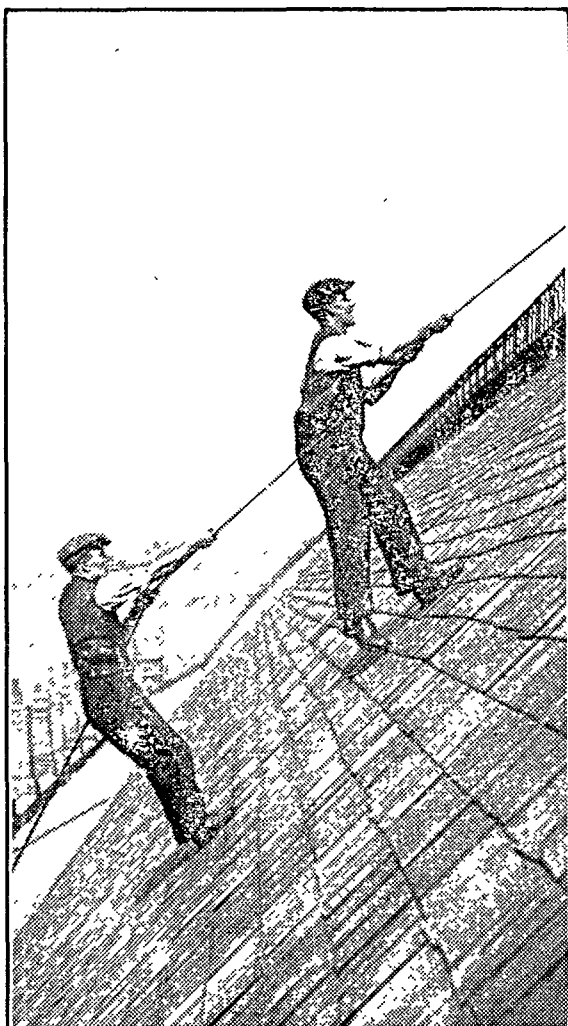
Mr. C. R. W. Nevins



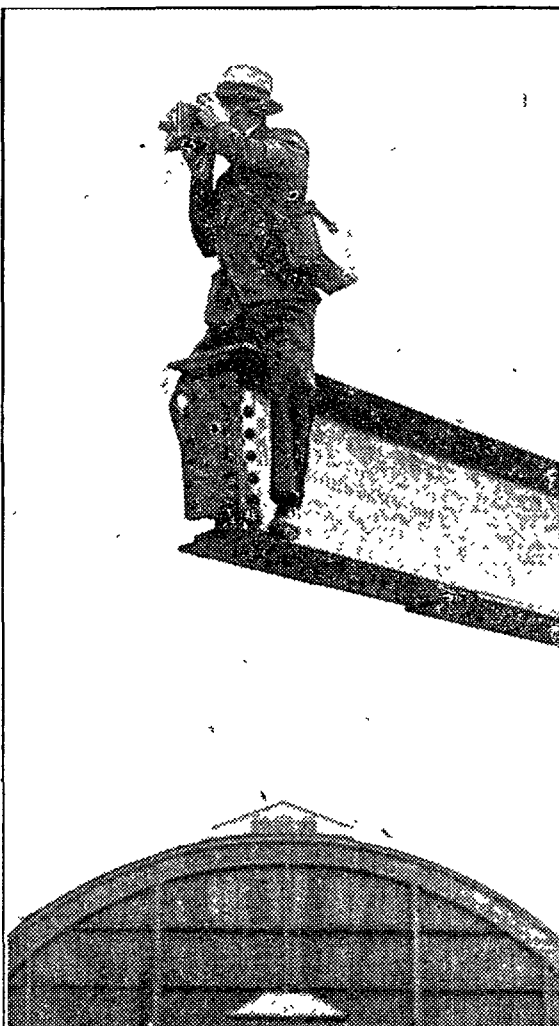
# CLIMBING TO WORK • SEPTEMBER SUNSHINE • FEEDING THE GIRAFFES



**A Strong Pull**—Children holiday-making at Le Touquet, on the Normandy coast, are taught physical exercises. Here we see a big party of boys and girls enjoying a tug-of-war.



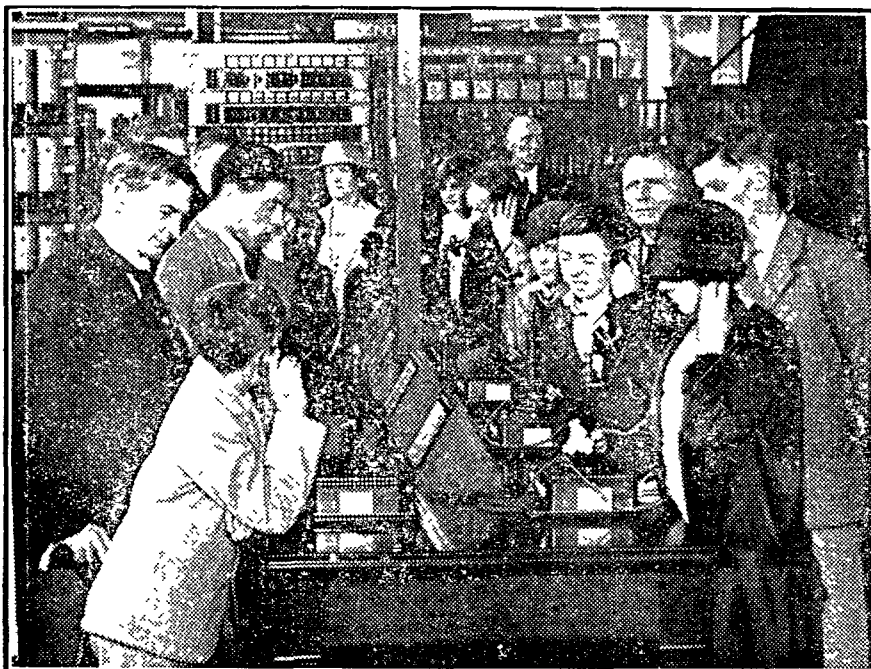
**Climbing to Work**—Men who are repairing the roof of St. Pancras Railway Station have to climb up to their work by means of a rope, as seen in our picture.



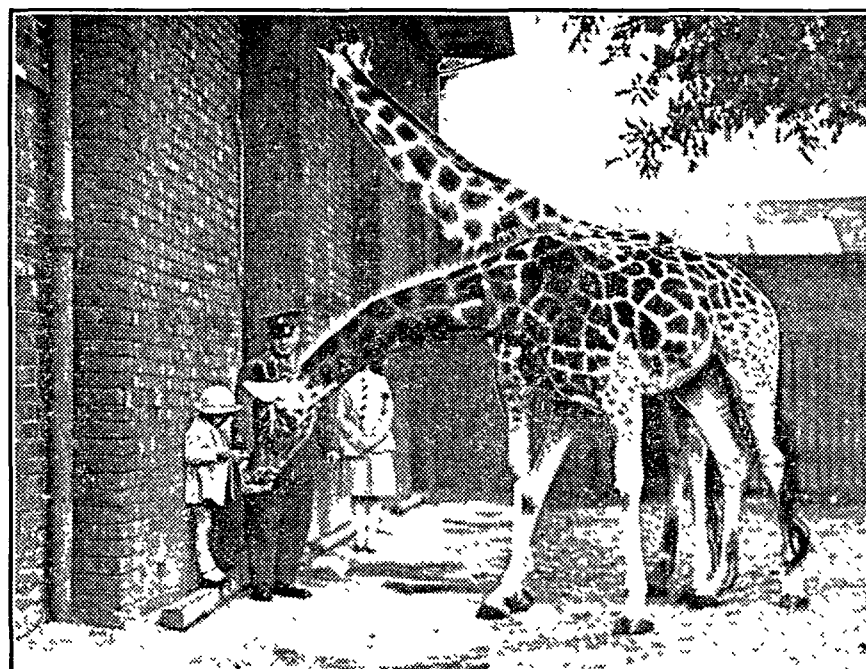
**Taking a Snapshot**—A photographer who was taking some pictures of the new Olympia buildings, London, climbed out to the end of a girder to secure a snapshot.



**September Sunshine**—The prolonged summer weather this year enabled these lucky little boys and their mother to enjoy the September sunshine on the sands at Bognor.



**Telephone Lessons**—Parties of schoolchildren are being taken to the Science Museum at South Kensington for lessons in the automatic telephone system, now becoming general.



**Feeding the Giants**—The little boy in this picture must have had the most thrilling experience of his life when he was allowed to feed the giraffes at the Zoo.



## INDUSTRY'S ROUND TABLE

A WORD FROM  
BEN TILLET

Why Workman and Employer  
Should Sit Down Together

### LANDS OF PROMISE

When the Annual Trades Union Congress met this month at Belfast all ears were turned to listen to what might be said, because today Labour sits in the seat of Government.

To those most distrustful of the new powers that be the message of this Congress, consisting of all the best elements of the Labour Movement, must have brought relief. It may even have brought hope, for its President, Mr. Ben Tillett, came not with a sword in his hand but with the olive branch of peace.

### Forty Years of Change

Ben Tillett has grown old in the Labour Movement. Forty years ago when he spoke on Tower Hill with John Burns for the Dockers he was a firebrand, ready to put a torch to the fire that should burn the Capitalist in the marketplace. But today he asks Labour to go into the market to talk over things with the Capitalist instead of fighting over them. He tells his fellow Trade Unionists that war in Industry is no better than any other kind of war, because it picks the pocket of winner and loser and does not a scrap of good to anyone.

What he would have the wage-earner and the wage-paying organiser of an industry which finds work for the wage-earner do is to sit down together and think how each can make the best of things. It is to the worker's profit that the industry should prosper, because when it does it can give him more pay. It is to the organiser's advantage that the industry should grow and that he should have good and contented workmen at his call. It is to the advantage of both that the industry every day and in every way should grow better and better.

### Work To Be Done

That cannot happen by merely wishing it. There is work to be done. But, says Mr. Tillett, friendly argument leading to agreement between the Trades Unions which know all the inside of the industry from the point of view of the men working in it and the organisers who are responsible for the overhead machinery of it is the only way to get efficiency and economy.

If the industry becomes more efficient, if, in a word, it pays better, the worker must be better off. Neither the employer nor the workman can help or alter that. In Ben Tillett's words, the greater the prosperity of the industry as a whole the nearer the approach to that final state of the workman for which all are hoping, when he will be able to live comfortably and healthily, have sufficient leisure, and educate his children to do a little better than their father.

### Pulling Together

There was no red flag flying about Mr. Tillett, but a hard-headed appreciation that a long pull and a strong pull and a pull all together is wanted to keep Great Britain out of the slough of unemployment. He looks farther than Great Britain to the Dominions overseas, and the markets they afford and the fields they offer for British goods and British work.

Many a President of the Trades Union Congress has taken his hearers for a joy ride leading nowhere. But Mr. Tillett showed them the kingdoms of the Empire, from New Zealand to British Columbia, and invited them to survey them as lands of promise.

## RAMBLING GARDENERS

Planting the Roads of  
the Future

FLOWERS IN PLACE OF  
AUNT SALLIES

Not before it is time there is a movement afoot to make the roads of Britain beautiful as well as expeditious. They are to be planted with flowers instead of Aunt Sallies.

Next spring the Roads Beautifying Association will call on the rambles of the countryside to help them. A North Country gardener suggested, a little time ago, that all who loved the country, its lanes and its by-paths, should on their wanderings carry with them a few flower seeds, and plant them in likely places where weeds grew before.

In one of the late Maurice Hewlett's books a scholar-gipsy had this pretty fancy and wherever he stopped with his tinker's cart would find and select a place where he could sow, here a group of daffodils and there a patch of pansies for others who came after to see in future years.

### Plenty of Helpers

It is a happy idea, and all that is wanted is that the rambles should take the task in hand. At present many of them are driven off the main arterial roads by the noise, the numbers, and the scurry of the motor-vehicles. But there are plenty left, more rambles and more pedestrians than the motorist has time to see.

There are Scouts and Guides, the Church Lads Brigades, Camping Clubs, Natural History Societies; all these are invited to write to the Roads of Remembrance Committee.

If the motors, at the week-end especially, seem just now to go everywhere and see everything too fast, let it be remembered in their favour that it is owing to them that millions of town-dwellers have had their first introduction to the country bright and beautiful.

## DICKY STEELE

Why He Is Remembered Today

Some two hundred years ago died Sir Richard Steele, whom few read now and fewer could quote, yet all remember.

It is less because of the things he wrote than because of the man he was. He stood at the beginnings of the best kind of journalism. The names of two of his papers were the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*, and they are not forgotten, because, in other forms, journals are still among us with the same names.

When writing for them he created two characters, Sir Roger de Coverley and Will Honeycomb, and their kindly characteristics and whimsicalities (which were Steele's own) have given them and him a kind of immortality.

Yet what makes Steele live still is the memory of his kindness, his goodness of heart, and his uprightness as a writer, though he had many failings as a man. Those who knew him while he lived called him Dicky Steele, and that gives us a measure of the kindly affection which he inspired.

Not many journalists are long remembered. What they write deals with the events of the day, and their written words are soon buried under the accumulating masses of days that follow and the events they bring.

If Dicky Steele survives it is because his pen was that of an honest, upright writer who never lent it to any cause but those in which he believed.

### Last Month's Weather

LONDON		RAINFALL	
Sunshine	186 hrs.	Dublin	4'68 ins.
Rainfall	2'16 ins.	Edinburgh	3'90 ins.
Dry days	21	Aberdeen	2'79 ins.
Days with rain	10	Liverpool	2'36 ins.
Hottest day	31st	Southampton	1'61 ins.
Coldest days	2nd, 18th	Gorleston	1'06 ins.

## SKIPPER'S BEST FRIEND

The Dog Who Saved  
His Master

A GOOD DEED AT LOW TIDE

Robert Boothby, skipper of the barge Lily anchored at Hull, was always seen with a small brown dog at his heels.

It was neither very big nor very beautiful, but Robert Boothby was right to make a friend of that humble animal.

The other day the skipper, who is 70, fell overboard. It was low tide and he sank rapidly into the soft mud. He might have saved himself if he had fallen into water, but in the soft mud he was helpless.

There was no one about except his shadow, the faithful brown dog, who instantly set up such a barking as had never been heard in Hull before. It reached farther than a man's shout, and there was such a note of agony in it that no one could think the barker was merely angry with another dog or a trespasser. Men came to see what was the matter, and then there was a rush of feet, and a snatching up of rope, and Robert Boothby was hauled out of the mud which had sucked him down as far as his waist.

Robert Boothby and the brown dog stick closer than ever now. Only very rash people make disparaging remarks about the brown dog's pedigree. And they only do it once.

## BOLIVIA'S APPEAL TO GENEVA

Helping Hand of The League

By Our League Correspondent

The Greek Government not long ago asked for the help of the League in building up a better health service and improving the sanitary conditions of the country, and such help was promptly and efficiently given.

It was felt at the time that this sensible example would soon be followed by other countries, and we have not had long to wait. A letter has now come from the President of Bolivia asking the Health Committee of the League to appoint an expert to help the Government there to organise the public health services of the country.

In Greece the work has already begun with the eager support of M. Venizelos, the Prime Minister. Adequate water supply, drainage, and sewage systems are to be installed, clinics, welfare centres, and disinfecting stations are to be set up, hospitals properly equipped and nurses properly trained, a malaria campaign organised, and many other excellent plans are to be carried out. Doubtless much the same scheme, modified to suit the needs of the country, will be put in action in Bolivia.

The skeleton of a man believed to have been buried more than 3000 years ago has been discovered at Llanharry, Glamorgan.

### Giant Tunny Fish

A tunny fish landed at Scarborough measured about 9 feet 9 inches and weighed over 600 pounds; another, 9 feet in length, weighed nearly 800 pounds.

### Diving for the Key

At the opening of the public baths at Canning Town Dockland Settlement a man dived into the swimming bath and brought up the key from the bottom.

### Girl's Swimming Feat

Twelve-year-old Joan Brunton has broken all previous records for the swimming course of 20 miles between Dover and Ramsgate by covering it in 6 hours 2 minutes.

### Oldest English Missionary

Rev. James Sibree, D.D., the church architect and missionary of the L.M.S. in Madagascar, on which country he was the leading English authority, has passed away at 93.

## WHAT THE EAST SEES IN US

How It Struck an Indian Friend

OUR CIVIC VIRTUES

Educated Indian women are coming to England to see for themselves what Western life has to teach them which will be helpful in training their sisters of the East.

Here is what Miss Nallamutha Ammal, headmistress of a Training School for Women in the Madras Presidency, has said on her return there.

The first impression an Indian traveller receives in the West is that from boyhood an Englishman is trained to live a useful life as a member of society, and to serve his community. A civic consciousness forms in his mind at an early stage.

Then the average Westerner is eager for knowledge. Poor boys will save to buy the Children's Newspaper, and servant maids will glance through the morning paper for the news before starting work.

### Spirit of the West

Also there is a remarkable spirit of independence among the people. The lowest does not consider himself inferior. School life, too, brings all together and promotes mutual tolerance.

India, said Miss Ammal, should not ape the West, but should profit by some of the Western virtues, such as a sense of civic duty and national unity, and a spirit of social equality.

When Eastern people come into our midst and see these good points in us it should put us on our mettle to make their observation of us true. We may have some share of these virtues, but we are very far from being models. If we were, nearly all the wrong things in our country would suddenly disappear.

## 100,000 NESTS

Brazil's Great Hotel for Swallows

Who can see rows of birds perched along the telegraph wires making ready to fly and not be sorry? And who can help wondering where they will spend the winter?

Those who go to Brazil are certain of a splendid lodging. Some years ago the townfolk of Campinas found that their market-building was too small.

"We must pull it down," they said, "and build a much larger place, for we are twice as busy and prosperous as our ancestors."

"But if we do that," objected someone, "we shall destroy hundreds of swallows' nests."

The Brazilians are great lovers of birds, and they are especially fond of the swallow because it makes war on the flies and midges which make war on the Brazilians.

So at last the Town Councillors decided to build a new market-building on a different site and to turn the old one into a Municipal Bird House.

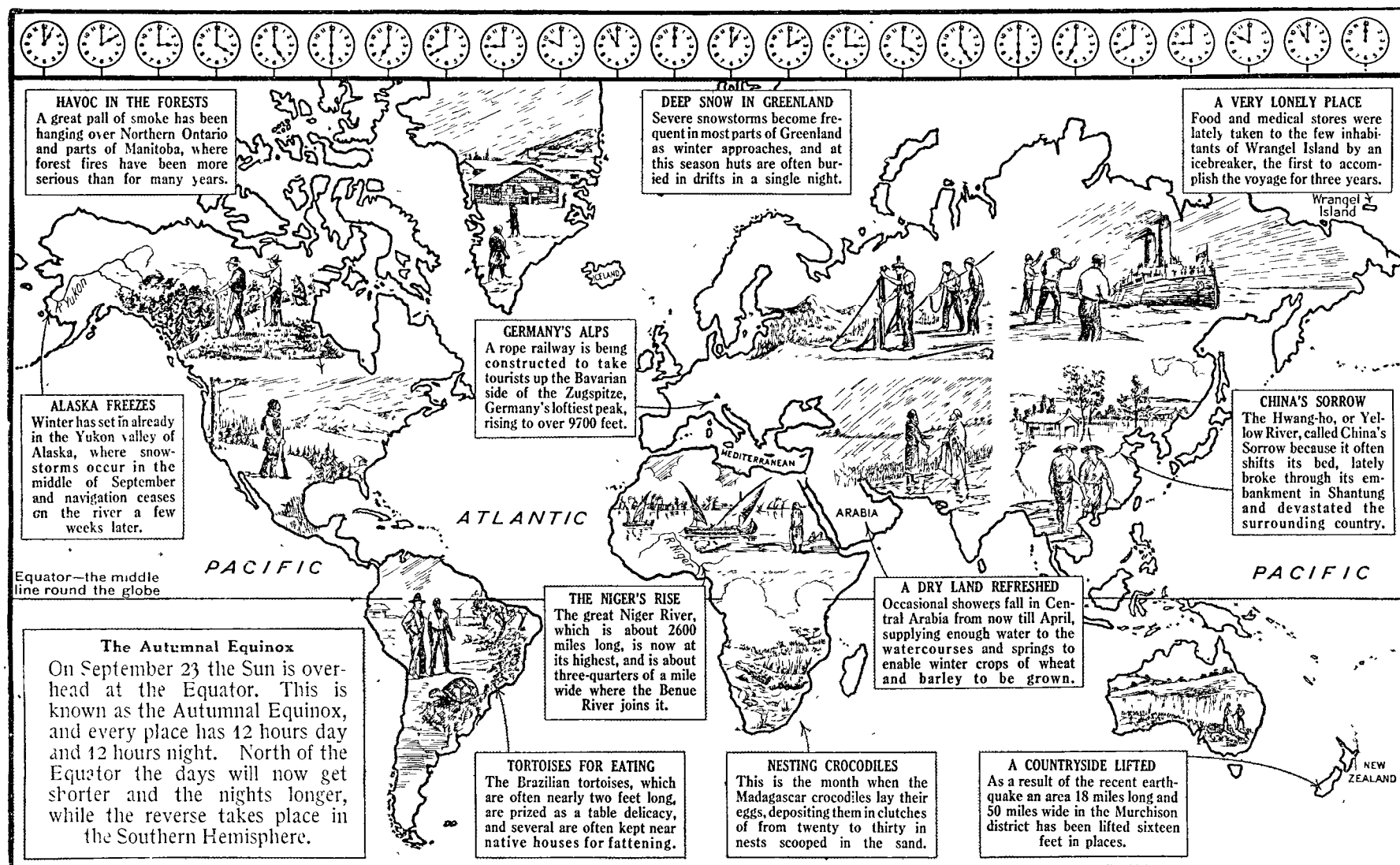
As long as the birds are in residence they have the house to themselves. Where men shouted prices nothing but the twittering of birds is heard. But when they have migrated an army of volunteers marches in to clean and repair the swallows' hotel.

There are a hundred thousand nests there; even the biggest skyscraper has not so many bedrooms. Campinas can boast of having the biggest hotel and the happiest guests in the world.

It is one of the sights of the city, and strangers who come to see it often give the townfolk cause to rejoice that they did not destroy the picturesque building.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## NEW MUSIC

### The Fear of Being Left Behind

Sir Hamilton Harty, the well-known conductor, who is the new president of the Incorporated Association of Organists, said a wise thing at Hull recently.

He was talking about jazz music, and he said that the people of today have got a new disease—the fear of being left behind.

This stupid and silly feeling drives them to reach out to the very newest craze and to call it genius. They will not consider anything written last month or last year. They seem to have no standards by which to judge, and think that anything which is "hot from the press" is the new music.

The result of this is that there is a branch of modern composers who know they can "get rich quick" if only they will go on turning out new pieces of jazz—braying, bleating, tuneless horrors which are snapped up and admired as the new music. The other branches of modern composers, the educated, serious students, are honestly working out the new methods of expression.

We look back in architecture on the gap between the Gothic and Renaissance styles and call it the Tudor chaos. Perhaps the day will come when we shall have grown sane again, and modern music will have established itself to some dignity and purpose. Then our descendants will be able to refer to the work of this feverish and foolish generation as the Jazz chaos.

## TELEVISION AT HOME

There is at last some chance of our having television in the home.

The B.B.C. some time ago offered a broadcasting service for television three times a week for a quarter of an hour in the morning, but this was refused by the Baird Company. The B.B.C. have now said that they will give a much longer time to television experiments, and it is probable that television by the Baird system will soon be made possible.

## A PLUCKY YOUTH

### A Circus Turn in a Busy Street

Albert Worley, aged 20, sat beside the driver of a lorry as it made its way through the streets of Edmonton.

Suddenly there was a scattering of people, a shouting, and a clattering of wheels. A horse had bolted; the empty cart came banging behind it.

"There's going to be an accident," quoth Albert Worley. "Try to catch that horse."

For nearly a mile the lorry chased the horse, and at last it drew level. While both were doing 25 miles an hour Worley climbed from lorry to cart, at considerable risk to his neck.

He pulled on the reins with all his might, but they broke.

Then this indomitable youth crawled along the back of the runaway until he could grasp its bridle, and so at last he stopped it.

When the animal had been handed over to someone else Albert Worley scrambled back on to the lorry and drove away to his next job.

The Commissioner of Police has commended Worley for his pluck. The C.N. adds a tribute to his agility.

## OUT OF THE BLUE

### When it Rained Hares

It never has rained dogs and cats, but the other day it rained puss—for country folk used to call the hare by that name.

A farmer at Bocktraesk, in Sweden, was cutting his hay when a hare fell down before him out of the skies.

He looked up to see if the end of the world had come, and saw an eagle sailing far up in the sky.

Evidently puss had proved too heavy, and the bird of prey had been obliged to drop her.

There must have been great disappointment in the cyrie that night,

## WHICH WAS WHICH?

### Fine Enough for a Cathedral

An odd thing happened in Manchester the other day.

Two ladies, strangers to the town, set out to visit the cathedral. They found their way to a fine Gothic building, solemn and grand, with beautiful stained-glass windows. They entered, found a broad staircase, went up, and looked about. There were long shelves of books, books and illuminated manuscripts in glass cases. The ladies admired them and went downstairs again, looking puzzled.

A gentleman was coming up. They stopped him with an apology.

"But can you tell us, please," said they, "which is the cathedral part?"

"The cathedral part?" echoed the man, puzzled.

"Yes. This is the cathedral, is it not?"

"You are in Rylands Library," said the Manchester man kindly. "If you will come to the door I will show you the way to the cathedral."

## BURYING THE HATCHET

When the Chief Scout buried the hatchet at the Jamboree the ringing sound was heard far beyond the ranks of his Boy Scouts.

It inspired many other people to do the kind acts which are part of the Scout's daily creed. One of the kindest of which the C.N. has heard was that of two "unknown soldiers" who sought out the German Boy Scouts.

Having found them they gave them two pocket-books which they had found on the battlefields of eleven years ago and had belonged to German soldiers. When the German troop returned to their Fatherland their first act was to try to find the relatives of the two dead German soldiers, who came from Stuttgart and Konigsberg, so that they might have these relics back again.

## THE WAR WILL SOON BE OVER

### The Cats and Dogs Are Coming Home

It would not have seemed like Christmas if the British Army coming home from the Rhine to keep it in England had been obliged to leave the dog behind.

Happily it has been arranged that the dog, or the cat, which Mr. Thomas Atkins has acquired to keep him company in a foreign clime shall be sent home too.

By Christmas there will be at least 600 more cats and dogs either British by birth or naturalised after adoption by the British Army.

The problem of getting them from Cologne and the neighbourhood was one which perplexed a Government Department. It might even have become a question for consideration at The Hague. Anything for the cause of peace.

It was the Ministry of Agriculture which was first stirred by the problem. Every one in ten of the army had a dog or a cat which he wanted to bring home, and every animal from a foreign land has to go into quarantine for six months lest it should introduce some infection acquired abroad to the canine or feline community of these islands.

Transport for Mr. Atkins's pets and board and lodging in quarantine for six months come to about £12 a pet.

This sum, amounting to some thousands of pounds, is to be bravely met by the Board of Agriculture or the Treasury. It is less by the £2 a pet which Mr. Atkins himself is asked to subscribe as a guarantee that his dog or cat is a real pet of long standing, and not a German souvenir bought for the occasion.

The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is helping by housing 300 dogs and cats at Hackbridge in Surrey.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 21 1929

## Surprises

ONE of Nature's ways is to have fresh surprises always awaiting us. She rehanges her pictures, throws light on them from some new angle, and thus reveals glimpses of beauty not observed before.

Most familiar things may thus have new gifts. One or two glimpses of bird or flower or landscape are but an introduction, and the best is still to come. So far as Nature is concerned it is unwise to make the fact that we have seen a thing an excuse for not seeing it again. The true Nature-lover is not thus easily satisfied. He knows he may have missed the best. He tries to see things under all possible conditions.

No season ever quite returns; each season may have some gift we never found before. We do well to look even at familiar things with expectation, and without imagining that we have exhausted the treasure.

"It seemed as though I had never seen a chaffinch before," wrote a nature-lover after a visit to Kew Gardens one Spring. He had, of course, seen hundreds of chaffinches, but never until that day of Spring sunshine had he realised that "the bird has a shifting delicate green on his shoulders, visible only in certain lights as he faces the sunshine."

Things are often different from our notion of them. A hasty glance, or something accepted on hearsay, may give us quite wrong ideas that Nature herself will quietly correct if we give her the chance.

We may for years imagine that the robin's breast is red. So we may describe it and never know that it is not a true description. Then one day in Autumn or in early Spring we may suddenly realise that Robin's breast is tawny-orange, and that there is a pretty line of bluish-grey between the tawny-orange and the plain brown plumage of the body. We have seen scores of robins without noticing that pretty line.

Nobody can keep a sharp lookout along Nature's ways without being impressed by the variety of new gifts and the many things that may for years be missed.

There is a further consideration. A great naturalist said one of his ambitions was to see and hear every bird at its best, under such a combination of circumstances as made it unusually attractive. Such vision may be due to light effects, or to the harmony of surroundings, or to movements rarely seen.

That is a lovely sort of quest, and not the least delight of recurring seasons is just such a possibility of some new gift along old, familiar ways.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## Good News From Winchester

THAT is good news from Winchester.

It is four years since the cathedral authorities abolished the fees for those who wished to see the old Norman aisles behind the altar, and the figures show that it is much more profitable for a cathedral to open its doors free than to make a charge.

The experience of every open cathedral has been the same—they all receive more money from a public which is glad to give than they ever received from a public which was compelled to pay.

Other cathedrals please copy. More than half of them, we are glad to say, are now thrown open.

## A Family Eleven

WHO are the luckier ones, the Dolmetsches, who form a family string quartette, or the Eggars, who have a family cricket eleven?

It must be great fun to belong to a family of such a size and with such gifts. People flock to hear the Dolmetsch family play old music on the quaint instruments which they make themselves because nobody else makes them nowadays and they maintain that we ought to hear music on the instruments for which the composers designed it centuries ago.

As for the Eggars, they beat the old boys of Eggar's Grammar School by 139 runs to 125 the other day. That would have pleased old John Eggar, who founded the school in 1641. Let us hope that the family will never produce a member who might be nicknamed Duck's Eggar!

## A Bad Old Lady

OPENING an envelope the other day a secretary was amazed to find a banknote for £500 and an unsigned piece of paper on which was written "I am old and shall not want it."

Somewhere a charming old face is smiling over its secret. How different was the face of a certain old woman, now at rest, who kept stolen property in her silver cupboard! She ought to have divided some heirlooms between her sisters, but she refused, and they were too dignified to drag the quarrel into court.

For years she lay in bed upstairs, while the treasures lay locked away and useless downstairs. From time to time she would send for her doctor, tell him she was dying, give him the cupboard key, and tell him to pack up the George the Second silver tea service for Annie, the Charles the First chalice for Sarah, and the set of miniatures for Grace. But the next day, when she was better, she would have all the things unpacked again.

A dismal, ugly old woman this, as different from the secret giver as a pebble from a star.

## The G.P.O. at Its Worst

WE hear of people who are refusing to buy the ugly new halfpenny stamps, and we are glad that it should be so. One post office informs us that the stock must be used up because of the advertisements! It may or may not be good for the pills, but it seems a pitiful advertisement for the Post Office.

We have never seen anything more ugly than three of these halfpenny stamps side by side on a letter, as we were compelled to the other day.

## Tip-Cat

ROMANCE is said to have been killed by the telephone. And the operator merely says: Sorry you have been troubled!

A CORRESPONDENT asks: What is period furniture? The sort that has had its day and come to a full stop.

SAFETY islands in busy streets are to be made more comfortable. With armchairs and afternoon tea for those who wait while the motor-cars go by.

## Peter Puck Wants To Know



If the Talkies will agree to nasal disarmament

THE modern girl is said to sleep too long. At a stretch?

ALL men should have an aim in life. Unless, of course, they live in glass houses.

A CORRESPONDENT complains that

his wife is always doing things behind his back. Very rude of him to turn his back on her.

TWICE as many candles are used now as before the war. Yet about many things we are still in the dark.

A WOMAN writer thinks it is such fun to be alive. Better keep quiet about it or she may have to pay an amusement tax.

## It Is Coming

There's a good time coming, boys,  
A good time coming;  
War in all men's eyes shall be  
A monster of iniquity,  
In the good time coming.  
Nations shall not quarrel then  
To prove which is the stronger,  
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake:  
Wait a little longer. Charles Mackay

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

IT is hoped to preserve the 17th-century Watlington House as a headquarters for Reading's institutes and clubs.

MRS. ODO CROSS has given £40,000, the whole of her daughter's estate, to the Medical Research Council.

IT is expected that nine British firms will next year make 150,000 cars.

## Trusty Friends

WHEN youth is age and dew is dust,  
When friends are false and steel is rust,  
When all things falter, fade, and yield,  
Time shall not change the hill and field.

THE Harvest Moon shall still be bright  
Above that well-loved hill at night,  
The selfsame lark song shall be sung  
As waked the field when you were young.

WHEN not a man is left to say  
"I knew you in your boyhood's day,"  
The friendly elms below the hill  
Shall whisper *We remember still*.

WHEN fame is missed, when loves are dead,  
When fires burn low and limbs are lead,  
The wounds of life shall all be healed  
By friendship of the hill and field.

## A Hero's Apology

HAVE we already forgotten Amundsen, that brave explorer who was lost on the flight to rescue a man he had quarrelled with? A story about this impulsive, positive, fearless, and stormy man has just come our way, and it is a story worth hearing.

When the plans of the Wilkins Arctic Expedition were announced Amundsen said some very uncomplimentary things about Wilkins. He did not really know much about him, but was merely prejudiced. Amundsen, indeed, often was prejudiced; he frequently said impulsive and ungenerous things, for which he was sorry afterwards. He became sorry in this case, for later, when Wilkins made his successful flight to Spitsbergen, Amundsen was delighted, and very penitent about his rashness. He was terribly afraid that Wilkins might decline to meet him when he arrived in Norway. But Wilkins, who bore no grudge, drove out to see the old Viking, holding the explorer as a very great man indeed.

When Amundsen heard that Wilkins was on the way he rushed out to meet him, and tears ran down his cheeks.

"Oh, my dear Captain Wilkins," he cried, "I was wrong! I was wrong! Can you ever forgive me?"

One can imagine the sincere handshake that followed, and the frank and humble apology which never ceases to stir the hearts of those who hear it.

## Cardinal Newman's Prayer

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,  
Lead Thou me on!  
The night is dark, and I am far from home—  
Lead Thou me on!  
Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see  
The distant scene; one step enough for me.  
Cardinal Newman



## WHY THE TRAIN MUST CLOSE ITS WINDOWS

### HOW NATIONS HARM THEMSELVES

#### One of the Most Ridiculous Effects of the War

#### THE POLISH CORRIDOR

One of the most astonishing things on Earth is the senselessness of nations in making laws for their own harm.

Nations that have everything to gain and nothing to lose by trading freely with each other persist in putting up barriers of taxes to keep themselves from trading with one another, though such trade would be of benefit all round. It would be unbelievable if it did not exist.

#### Three Barriers

The most striking example of this folly is to be seen in the neighbourhood of the so-called Free City of Danzig. There Poland passes northward into the Gulf of Danzig part of the Baltic Sea, and in doing so separates East Prussia from the rest of Germany. The extension of Poland northward to get to the sea, along the course of the great Polish River Vistula, is called, by the politicians who brought it into being, the Polish Corridor. The width of it varies from 20 to 130 miles, and in the middle of the Corridor near the sea is the port of Danzig, called free and safeguarded by the League of Nations.

Along this 20-miles-wide part of the Corridor run three barriers against mutual trade. One separates Danzig from East Prussia, another separates Danzig from Poland, and a third separates Poland from Germany: so strong is the determination that there shall not be free and natural trade. Over these barriers careful watch and guard are kept.

#### A Difficult Problem

So natural would trade be that it cannot easily be stopped. People entering Poland want things from outside at their natural price so much that they are inclined to throw them out to friends through the windows of the train. To prevent that practice the Poles compel the closing of all railway carriage windows in their country in trains that have come from elsewhere.

The Polish Corridor is a perplexing problem for Poland, Germany, the League of Nations, and Europe, apart from the senseless tax barriers that hamper all who are concerned. Germany, of course, does not like being cut in two by the Polish Corridor, especially as the city of Danzig in the Corridor, though chiefly inhabited by Germans, is placed under separate rule.

Poland has a natural right to a sea-outlet for her 27 million people; and the Valley of the Vistula, chiefly inhabited by Poles, is the clear way to the sea, though it goes through Danzig. There is more than enough in these clashing interests to cause restlessness in that part of the world and to suggest the need for patient understanding of the point of view of the other side.

#### The Sensible Way

The one thing that clearly ought to be tried is to sweep away sham causes of friction through defiant taxes, and treat all the dwellers in this region, whether in Germany or Poland or Danzig, as one people from the economic point of view, whatever they may be in race, language, or nominal nationality. All would benefit. Causes of annoyance would vanish; and the dividing rivalries would be seen to have no reality in them. The Corridor Problem might fade out.

But such a solution seems much too sensible to be heeded. So the carriage windows and the tax barriers remain still blindly kept up

## THE CONVENT CAR AT CANNES

SEVERAL people were staring, not at the blue sea nor the grand frocks of the visitors, nor the white buildings of Cannes, but at a little motor-van threading its way between the great cars of the millionaires.

It was quite an ordinary car, but it was driven by a nun.

People who had come to the Riviera from England and Germany and Russia were lost in amazement. Could it be someone masquerading?

But the shopkeepers of Cannes saw nothing odd in the sight. It was an everyday affair.

"Oh, yes," they said, "that is the convent car. They have a school and an

orphanage, and the van comes down to fetch supplies for them. It also fetches and delivers laundry baskets. They are busy people up there, and the Mother Superior does not believe in wasting time. She had one of the nuns taught to drive on purpose."

It was very sensible, of course, but the foreign visitors could not get used to seeing a car driven by someone wearing a dress of the fashion that was common a thousand years ago.

"There is the nun!" they continued to cry with excitement whenever the convent van appeared; while the practical French housewife only said "Here is the washing!"

## BLACKBERRY TIME



September is the month for blackberries, when boys and girls are busy gathering the harvest of the hedgerows. No doubt these two little people will enjoy their blackberry tart better for having gathered the fruit themselves.

## ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

THERE was once a boy of six, whose father died leaving the mother with three children.

It was difficult for her to start earning her living at 52, but she did it and worked on till she was 72.

When the boy was ten and had a half holiday from school he went to work in a shop from six on Saturday evening till midnight, after which he got a cup of cocoa and some bread and cheese and lay down under the counter to sleep. He tramped home on Sunday morning.

At 14 a well-known firm took him on a month's trial as a draper's apprentice. Mother and son were delighted. But at the end of a fortnight the mother was sent for and was told the boy could not stay. There had been half a sovereign missing from his cash each week.

Poor woman, it was a blow almost too heavy to bear! She may even have felt

tempted to end all her troubles in the cold Thames. But she was too brave to surrender.

Afterwards the real thief was discovered.

Ill-luck seemed to haunt the boy, who found and lost nine jobs in six months; but, like his mother, he refused to give in, and, sticking to the drapery trade which seemed so determined not to have him, he worked his way up till he became Chairman of John Barker & Co., President of the Drapers Chamber of Trade, and a knight.

Sir Sydney Skinner told his story to a summer school at Oxford the other day, by way of encouraging other apprentices who begin with bad luck, and we recall it here for the same reason. The fact that you are out of work today is no reason why you should not be a great merchant prince twenty years hence.

## THE YOUNG FORESTS GROWING UP

### HOW THE OLD FORESTS HELP THEM

#### Turning a Tree Into Useful and Enduring Timber

#### PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE

By Our Natural Historian

The tale has already been told in the C.N. of the millions of young trees which are being planted in England to make good the losses of the war. The figures, impressive as they seem, are but a fraction of the enormous total of trees which are being watched and warded in great forests for the needs of the Empire as a whole.

Interesting and even romantic as is the work of the forester in varying climates, his labour would be in vain were it not followed up scientifically by the men who prepare the grown timber for its destiny in the service of man.

#### A Romance of Science

A tree may take generations, even centuries, to grow, and may come unharmed through many a storm; but once it is felled and applied to artificial uses its life would be so short without the help of science that its growth and transportation would not be worth while.

It is one of the romances of science that we tap dead and buried forests of an ancient past to preserve the products of a forest of today. Dressed timber finds its salvation largely in creosote, and creosote is chiefly distilled from coal, which was tree and fern and jungle in the Earth's great tropical era long before human beings had appeared in the scale of creation.

The two enemies against which a timber merchant has to guard are dry rot and wet rot. Dry rot is produced by a fungus which reduces the wood to powder. Wet rot is one of Nature's slower elaborate processes by which she gets rid of fallen trees that cumber her teeming forests.

#### How It Is Done

This process begins with the fermentation of the sap, which injures the cells of the wood and causes them to take in moisture to such an extent that they burst. The bursting is caused by the moisture entering the cold wood and expanding with increasing heat.

The remedy is creosote, but merely to steep wood in creosote is not enough for serious purposes. Although Tennyson's Talking Oak has many tender passages in its little chat to posterity, we would hardly expect to squeeze a tree, yet it is pressure which is half responsible for its perfect preservation. The tree trunk is placed in a cylinder from which air is withdrawn by suction. This rids the timber of moisture and completely dries it. Then creosote is introduced and forced into the cells of the tree under heavy pressure.

#### Value of Creosote

The young trees of the modern forest respond in different degrees to the spirit of the ancient forest. Pine will absorb 24 pounds of creosote a cubic foot, wych elm 23 pounds, beech and hornbeam 19 pounds, birch 10 pounds, ash 9 pounds, cedar and spruce from 2 to 4 pounds, and the tough old oak, like the Spanish chestnut, only about one pound.

By treatment such as this, wood constantly immersed in water or exposed to dry air can be maintained in sound condition for many years. Even a telegraph pole can be made to last a generation with the help of creosote.

Foresters are growing trees for us in every climate. Miners are at work in our pits bringing up the trees turned to coal from which the creosote comes. The industrial chemist is the wizard who links their labours and gives us enduring timber.

E. A. B.



## MOST SURPRISING THING IN LONDON

THE WONDERFUL ROOF ABOVE OXFORD STREET  
Pools and Pergolas and Green Lawns and a Panorama

### MR. SELFRIDGE'S GIFT TO ALL

What is the most surprising place in London? We think it is the Selfridge Roof. We have never seen anything like it in any city in the world.

You feel when you get there (one minute in the lift from the street) that you are on the top of the Earth. This garden, twice as high up as the average London house, high up above the roar of Oxford Street, is a haven of beauty and quiet and rest which will bring delight to millions as the years go by.

#### The Hanging Garden

The great new garden, the Hanging Garden of Modern Babylon, looks at first like a series of courtyards. You cannot see it all at once. Little square buildings like summer houses washed a deep cream elbow their way into the garden and make it meander about, as gardens should. There are wind screens, of privet, foil, made of four boxes set together, which give you a splendid idea what to do with that corner in the backyard at home, for the boxes are plain wood, and privet is cheap.

At one end of the huge garden is a soda fountain with tables shaded by gorgeous umbrellas standing up against the sky like giant dahlias. You cannot move without seeing lovely little lawns of close, dewy grass, most of them enclosed in stout brick parapets. Here and there is a pedestal of brick, and just the right colour of plaster. One pedestal carries an exquisite wooden figure carved out of a bent trunk so that it seems as if it really grew in the tree.

#### An Entrancing Sight

In the borders are the sweet, homely flowers that grow in English cottage gardens. There are rockeries with pools in the middle, and stepping-stones; and a most lovely formal pool, with goldfish in it, and lilies, and at the back a delightful panel of Mary and her Child. In the clear water are reflections of the eternal Mother and Babe, of shrubs and flowers, of the sky, and of England's youngest sons and daughters peering at the goldfish. One could go a long way for a more entrancing sight.

Flags of all nations, all faces, speeches, manners, customs, friendships, meet up here. There is a ceaseless subdued roar, as if a train were passing through a deep tunnel; sometimes it is a little louder, and then it is like waves booming in a cavern. But of the shriek and clamour of the street traffic there is nothing, and we begin to understand, on this wonderful roof, why the American loves his flat on the sixteenth storey of a New York block.

#### The Tower of the Winds

The rustic plaited fence which runs inside the iron balustrade, broken here and there with shrubs and privet boxes, keeps you safe in the garden; but you can look over it on to the wonder of the London roofs—the most fascinating panorama imaginable. Each side presents a seemingly endless view. Then, when you climb to the top of the Tower of the Winds, the world is at your feet.

There are few sights in Europe finer than this. At first you are dazzled by the picture spread below you—miles below it seems. Hours could be spent

## HAVE SERPENTS VOICES?

An Odd Theory and the Stories About It  
A LITTLE SNAKE MYSTERY

By Our Natural Historian

It is generally supposed that snakes are voiceless, incapable of more than a hiss, but startling tales have been recently told by veterans of science and travel who declare that snakes have voices and use them.

One writer asserts that he has seen a 21-foot python rear itself to half its length and heard it utter sounds in imitation of a small deer's bleat or a monkey's cough, the purpose of the performance being to attract those animals within striking distance. Similar testimony comes from Nyasaland.

#### Was It a Bell?

In Nyasaland the story is of sounds from a source unseen, metallic in effect, as if from a wire struck with a soft hammer. Mystified as to the origin of the sounds, the writer inquired what they meant and was informed that they were the cry of a serpent. The man who repeats the story was not convinced; the noise may have proceeded, he says, from a native bell sounded in a distant village and carried up the mountainside.

Until further evidence is forthcoming the matter cannot be put to proof. The distant bell theory seems to hold the field, although there are many secrets of Nature yet to be solved. It seems difficult to believe that snakes have audible voices which they succeed in concealing from the multitudes of people who come in contact with them in Asia, Africa, Australia, and America. As crocodiles roar, why should not a snake raise his voice if he has one?

#### Decline of the Reptiles

Given a voice, mimicry should not be beyond the powers of a reptile. There is force in the reptiles; they are great in numbers and variety, and, although they have declined from the towering position in which the giants of their order ruled the world, there are naturalists who believe that some significant life-form will yet arise from the enormous assembly of modern reptiles.

Mimicry is natural to all animals in some form or other, notably in birds, monkeys, and domesticated animals. It seems little more impossible for a snake, if it has a voice, to bleat and cough in imitation of its victims than for a cat to mimic a bird. E. A. B.

Continued from the previous column

here learning the topography of London, picking out streets and landmarks. The roofs of the usual London four-storey houses look like packed tents; towers and Eastern-looking domes rise up among them; little masses of trees are all that can be seen of the great squares. And all round London, running to the horizon, you see the fair green country, and realise that, viewed from above, this vast city is only a few miles of roof packed close under the illimitable sky.

It is the sight of the girdling woods and gently-swelling hills of England seen from this tower that catches at your heart—the glimpse of the river and the river haze along the Thames Valley. You feel that life is like this. Down in the busy hours, packed like streets, there are noise, hard work, sore hearts, aching backs. Up in the air a few hundred feet you feel the bounty of God's grace brimming over human lives.

We thank Mr. Selfridge for one more lovely thing. We wish he would leave his roof open in the summer evenings when the shop is shut. It should be possible, and all London would be thankful.

Pictures on page 9

## YARMOUTH LOSES AN UGLY THING

Farewell to a Tank  
£12 FOR A BIT OF THE GREAT WAR

It was on Town Hall Quay, the busiest riverside centre of the quaint old town of Yarmouth, that they pulled a monster to pieces the other day, as the C.N. has already briefly told.

People looked on with calm approval, residents and visitors alike, for the monster was the ugly tank from the war. Once it had held pride of place, for it was a present to Yarmouth, a war memorial which the townsfolk accepted gladly in those first strange years of peace when such things were thought to be a fitting ornament for the sight of future generations. But of late the Yarmouth tank, as with those of so many other towns, had become an eyesore. The Town Council no longer cherished it, and as it grew older and rustier so it seemed to be growing uglier, until at last they thought it would be a good idea to see if a purchaser could be found for it.

#### Old Iron

The tank had cost perhaps a thousand pounds, and who can say how many precious lives it had cost, whose value is not to be computed in terms of gold? But all the thing was good for now was to be broken up into old iron, and Great Yarmouth was lucky to find a purchaser who would pay £12 for it.

So the tank has gone. But there still remain, in an enclosure a yard or two away, two equally ugly and forbidding objects, an anti-aircraft gun and an unexploded sea-mine. Is it not time that these followed the tank, even though nobody will pay £12 for them? We think it would be worth Great Yarmouth's while to pay to have them taken away.

## ALL FOR THE SAKE OF A PUPPY

Mr. Gill, an old-age pensioner of Congreve Street, Liverpool, adopted a puppy, and the other day the puppy caused a tremendous commotion.

With the inquisitiveness of all young things, the puppy crawled through a grid and fell into a shallow underground passage. There it remained for 17 hours, while Liverpool tried all sorts of ways to rescue it.

What did one puppy less matter? Why should anyone care for the grief of an old-age pensioner? That is the sort of question business men might be supposed to ask themselves, and Liverpool is famously businesslike.

But it is not brutal. A street pavement was taken up and a warehouse wall three feet thick was cut through, and at last Mr. Gill and his puppy were reunited.

Then Liverpool gave a sigh of relief.

## THE SPEECH THAT CAME BACK

Mr. James Richardson lost his speech from shell-shock during the war. The other day as he was walking through the streets of Durham a motor-cyclist swooped down upon him and he had to jump for his life.

This second shock restored the power of speech. His first words should have been of gratitude to the motor-cyclist, but possibly they were not.

It is not pleasant to think that modern traffic administers shocks equal to a heavy bombardment. It is not pleasant to read the casualty lists and learn that it is safer to travel through the hollow sky in a new fangled aeroplane than to walk the earth on your old-fashioned feet.

But it is pleasant to think that for once good has come of evil, and that the narrow shave which nearly cost a pedestrian his life has restored his speech.

## SECRET OF THE SANDS

DESERT REGIONS ONCE PROSPEROUS

Founders of Civilisation in the Valley of the Tigris

### WHO WERE THEY?

A very interesting theory is put forward by Mr. Henry Field in an account of the excavations which have been carried on in recent years at Kish by the Oxford-Field Museum Expedition.

Mr. Field, of the Chicago Field Museum, is a member of the expedition, and in recounting the discoveries he adds information about his own discoveries in the North Arabian desert while he was on a special surveying mission throughout that dreary region.

#### Signs of the Flood

At Kish the digging has reached 60 feet below the surface of the mound to the level of a virgin soil above which all else is accumulation from a series of ages. Thirty feet down remains of the Sargon period, six or seven centuries B.C., were reached. Then came a thick layer of red, sterile earth. Below that were the signs of a great local flood of the Euphrates, in the form of a layer of alluvial deposit eighteen inches thick, which the excavators calculated was an effect of the Flood associated with the name of Noah, more than 3000 years B.C.

Below the Flood stratum of soil deposit were signs of a very long period of slow development, passing downward from the New Stone Age to the Old Stone Age style of chipped tools. Since his observations at Kish, Mr. Field, who is an old friend of the C.N., has served on the Marshall Field Survey of the North Arabian desert, and there he has witnessed the discovery of many similar implements back through the New Stone Age to the Old Stone Age. They were scattered widely in thousands in the aggregate, and they tell of a time supposed to reach 20,000 years ago.

#### A Change of Climate

Observers agree that back in the early part of that distant period what now found the North Arabian and Syrian deserts was a well-watered and fertile region, with grasslands and forests capable of supporting a considerable population, not only in part nomadic but also probably agricultural. Streams of water flowed constantly where there are now only rocky torrents in the rainy season, and at other times grim wildernesses. For this to be so the climate must have changed, and Mr. Field suggests that the change from fertility into barrenness gradually drove away those who dwelled there, east and west, and thinks they may have been the people who originally founded the civilisation that existed at an early date in the valleys of the Euphrates and the Tigris and possibly that in the valley of the Nile.

#### Another Opinion

Dr. Stephen Langdon, professor of Assyriology at Oxford, who is a great authority on the early peoples who lived on the Mesopotamian Plain, does not agree with Mr. Field's deductions, though he values his discoveries in the North Arabian desert. He points out that there are features of Mesopotamian culture much earlier than anything of the kind found in the desert—seals and writings, work in copper, and distinctive painted ware—that can be traced as coming into the Plain from the East (Elam and the direction of Central Asia) and cannot be traced as ever existing in the region from which Mr. Field thinks the founders of civilisation in the Euphrates valley may have arrived.

It appears that solid argument remains with Professor Langdon as to these earliest founders of what must be called a civilisation, but the picture of a smiling fertility in Northern Arabia where now desolation reigns is very attractive.



# VIKING SHIP IN LONDON · A QUEER HOUSE · EMPIRE'S LONELIEST ISLAND



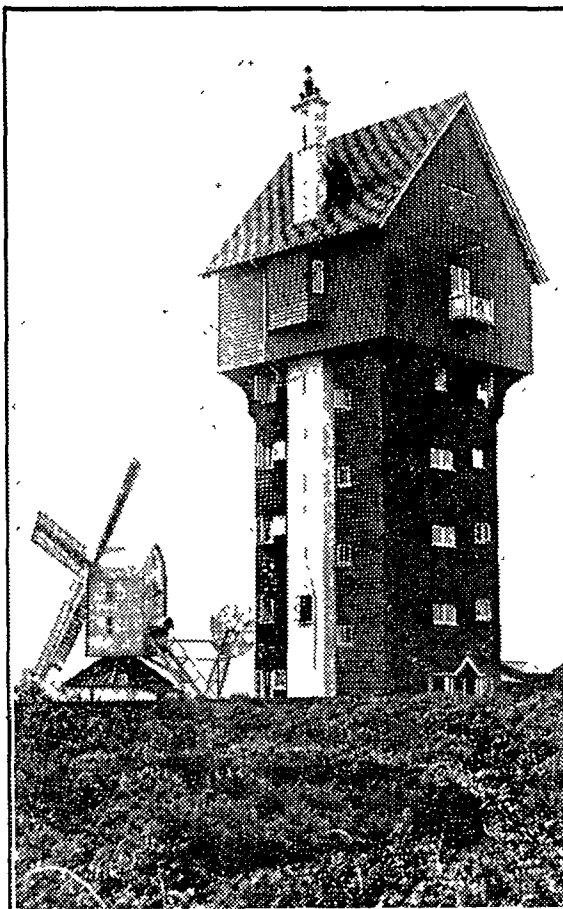
**A Viking Ship in London**—This boat, built in the style of an old Viking vessel, called at London in the course of her voyage from Norway to America. See page 2.



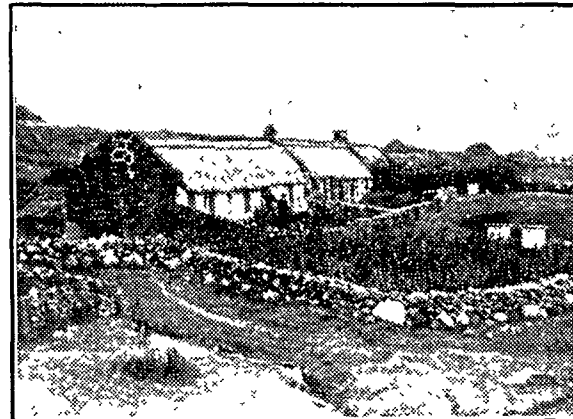
**Follow My Leader**—The penguin in this picture appears to be acting as guide to a party of children who were visiting the London Zoo the other day.



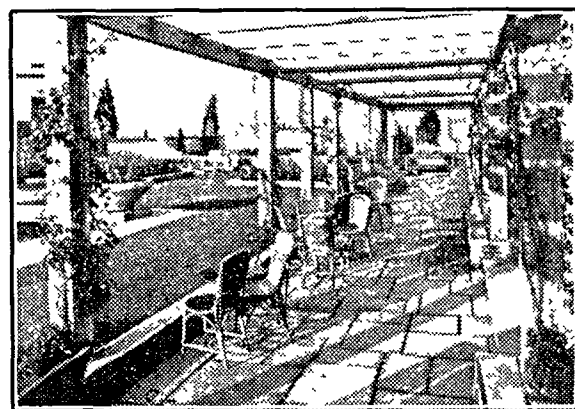
**London Roof Garden**—Here is a lovely corner of the rock-garden at Selfridge's. Our picture shows the path leading to the stepping-stones across the pond.



**A Queer House**—At Thorpeness, in Suffolk, this water tower, with a 10,000-gallon tank at the top, has been converted into a house. The water is pumped up by the windmill.



**A Lonely Island**—Tristan da Cunha, in the South Atlantic, is one of the loneliest outposts of the British Empire. There are about 140 people on the island. Here are some of the homes in the little settlement of Edinburgh.



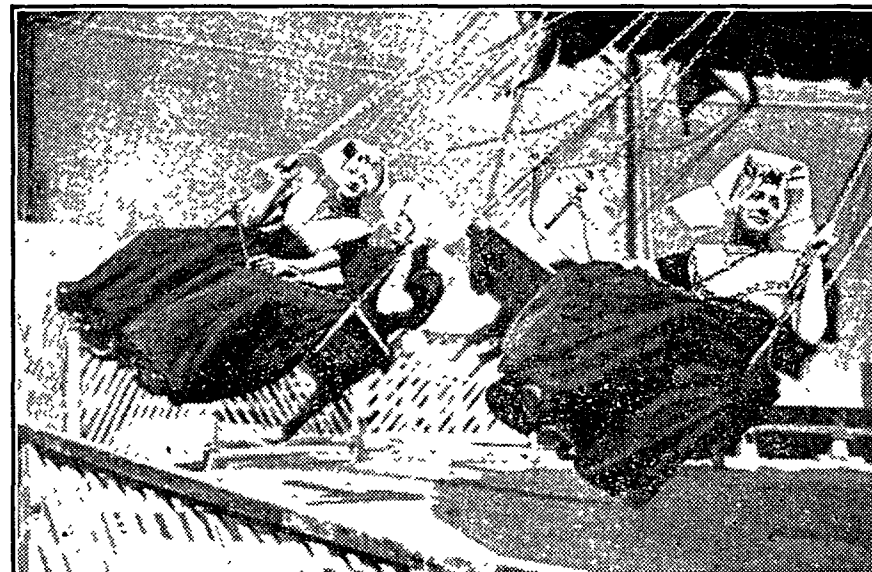
**One of the Sights of London**—High above busy Oxford Street, on Selfridge's roof, is a beautiful garden with lawns and pools and pergolas. We give two pictures of it here. See page 8.



**A Great Event**—This picture shows a few of the inhabitants of Tristan da Cunha with cases of food which were recently landed from a steamer. Only on rare occasions do ships call.



**Water by Car**—The village of Bellington, Bucks, has suffered so severely from drought since April that water is being brought by car from a town four miles away, as shown here.



**Merry Dutch Girls**—The girls of Goes, in Zeeland, still wear the old Dutch costume, but, as this picture shows, they enjoy the very modern excitement of a roundabout swing.



## CRICKET ON THE HEARTH

### COUNTING UP THE SCORES

Counties and Bowlers of the Year

### NOTTS WIN BACK A LOST PRIZE

Batsmen have oiled their bats and put them away, bowlers and wicket-keepers, scorers and umpires, have folded up their kit till another year.

The public, who are cricketers by proxy, have gone to fill the stands and crowd the touch-lines of the football fields, to watch another game. They have much to talk of, especially the return of Notts to the Championship, one of the most popular of all possible events.

### Test Matches to Come

Most of all they still talk of the Test Matches in Sydney and Melbourne which were drawing their five days' length along in torrid sunshine while England was still frozen in and not a ball had been bowled along an English cricket pitch.

The reason why these matches are still outstanding is that one of the winter quarters to which cricket has retired is Australia, where Messrs. Woodfull, Ponsford, Ryder, Jackson, and Kippax are preparing to add to their number and show the Old Country next year that the lessons of Mr. Chapman's Eleven have not been forgotten.

English cricketers will hear, in the next few months, a good deal of the form of these combative Australians in the Inter-State matches, as well as in those which will be played with a visiting English team under the captaincy of one of the Sussex Gilligans. By the time the Final of the Football Association Cup is played at Wembley every cricketer on the hearth will know what Australians are coming over, and will be prepared to find a team of his own choosing to beat them.

### South African Lessons

In choosing it he will have plenty of information to guide him. The South African Eleven which battled so gallantly against our cricketers, and against a good deal of bad luck as well, has furnished a good deal of it. As a Test Match Eleven they were bad starters but good finishers, and could always find a batsman in the middle of the side to tame our best or wildest bowlers.

When the Australians do arrive next year everything will turn on the side which can produce the finest bowlers. In Australia Mr. Chapman had Larwood of Notts up his sleeve as the surprise. To have a good chance next season of recovering the Ashes the Australians will have to bring a surprise packet of the same quality up their sleeve.

### A Game That Will Live

The County Cricket season in England which has just ended has shown that good bowling backed by fine fielding is still the winning ticket. Notts, which become champion county for the first time for 22 years, had a fine batting side, but they also had good bowlers in Larwood, Barratt, and Voce.

Our bowlers who were in Australia last winter, Larwood, Tate of Sussex, Freeman of Kent, and Geary of Leicester, will probably be ready and fit when May comes round again. At their back will be Goddard of Gloucester and Clark of Northants, as well as the Notts bowlers already named.

There has been no running away with the County Championship. Lancashire, Yorkshire, Sussex, and Gloucestershire have all made a bold bid for it. That is the fascination of the English game of cricket; and while it exists the game will go on living through winters and summers for untold years to come.

## THE ZOO BABIES

### Newcomers to London

### A CHIMPANZEE BULLY

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Never before has the London Zoo had such a large and varied collection of baby animals.

In addition to the little lions, wolves, rhinoceros, reindeer, camel, and all its other youngsters, the menagerie has acquired a baby tapir and two leopard cubs.

The leopard cubs, Paddy and Pam, are two tiny orphans of about four months who were sent from Sierra Leone. Whether they were originally kept as pets is not known, but they are delightfully tame and anyone can play with them without running the risk of being scratched or bitten.

### An Alarming Habit

When they arrived Pam greeted the keepers by making a whining noise and rubbing herself against the bars to show that she was quite tame and ready to be made a fuss of. But Paddy was less confiding; and as he put back his ears, as leopards do when about to attack, he was thought to be a spiteful cub. However, as soon as he was picked up, Paddy showed himself to be as amiable in disposition as his sister.

His habit of putting back his ears had evidently alarmed his would-be friends on the voyage, and consequently he is not in such good condition as his sister. She shows no sign of ill-effects from confinement in a travelling-box, but Paddy's hind legs are stiff, for he had never been allowed his liberty during the long journey.

Topsy, the tapir, can hardly be described as pretty, yet she, too, is attractive, for her ways are pleasing and friendly. Like the leopards she is an orphan, but she came from Brazil, and she is eight months old.

When called she runs to the bars of the cage to be stroked and fed, and is very active and playful.

### A Bad-Tempered Ape

The Zoo has also been presented with a young male chimpanzee from West Africa, known as Bubu.

Bubu has apparently led the life of a domestic pet in his native land, and during the voyage here he received a great deal of attention. Unfortunately he seems to have taken a great dislike to the menagerie, and, instead of responding to the keepers' friendly advances, shows signs of a nasty temper.

He tries to bite if he does not get his own way and is thoroughly disobedient. But it is hoped that he will soon settle down to menagerie life, and to cure him of his bad habits he is to spend a few days with Jimmy, the largest of the performing chimpanzees. Although Jimmy is in disgrace himself, he enjoys teaching obstreperous apes a few manners, his method being to bully them thoroughly and to make them so afraid of him that they very soon realise how kind the keepers and visitors are by comparison.

### A SUBSTITUTE FOR PLATINUM

A wonderful metal, which is already saving over half a million pounds a year in the manufacture of wireless valves, has been invented by Dr. E. F. Lowry of the Ohio State University.

It is a perfect substitute for platinum and costs only about thirty shillings a pound as against £36 an ounce—the present price of platinum metal.

The new metal has been called Konel; it behaves so well at high temperatures that it is likely to be used on a large scale in motor-car and aeroplane engines.

## A GOOD THING LITTLE KNOWN

### Settling Troubles in the Right Way

### A LONDON COURT OF ARBITRATION

In this funny old country of ours there are quite a lot of good things which are much less well known than they ought to be. The Post Office, for instance, can do some good things, but keeps them in the background.

Kind London magistrates spend much time in giving free advice to people whom it is not their business to serve. They do it though it is outside their work, and few people know of it.

One of the very good things that has recently come more fully into the light is the London Court of Arbitration. It keeps on doing more and more sound business in comparative privacy.

Business people of a peaceable order of mind know of it and use it, but the general public has scarcely heard of it.

### Quicker and Cheaper

It is controlled by the City Corporation and the London Chamber of Commerce. If peaceable-minded people get entangled in some business dispute that might cause them to go to law and spend much money for little or no gain, but more likely considerable loss, an alternative course is to go to the London Court of Arbitration, which is quicker, cheaper, and more practical in its work.

What the Court will do is to appoint competent arbiters and umpires when both parties in a dispute ask for it. The awards made by this Arbitration Court are binding so far as the facts are concerned, but the Court does not settle points of law. These must be settled by the Law Courts.

However, much business is done sensibly and cheaply by this obscure Court of Arbitration, which few people hear of.

There is quite an outcry about the great cost of law, and not without reason. One answer to it is: See if the London Court of Arbitration will not settle your law case quite as well and much more cheaply and quickly.

## A WISE CHOICE BY CHINA

### The Wisdom of the West

It is understood that Sir Frederick Whyte is now on his way to China to act as an adviser to the Government of that vast country.

It is an announcement that will give ease of mind to all who know the kind of man he is and what he has done in the past. China needs above all things a counsellor with wide knowledge, including a deep understanding of the Oriental mind, broad sympathies, and force of character, to be representative there of the best influences of modern civilisation. Sir Frederick Whyte is the ideal man for the task of helping China to take her place worthily among the nations of the world by absorbing what is best in the Western world.

He is forty-six, in the prime of life, and already has had a remarkably comprehensive experience. A scholar of distinction, he was in the naval service during the war. Afterwards he did important journalistic work; then travelled widely, his observation embracing both India and China.

For five years he acted as President of the Legislative Assembly of India, and the Chinese have already had reason to value his counsel. Wireless listeners have had opportunities of sampling his skill as one of the most lucid and impressive of broadcasters.

Sir Frederick is a son of the late Principal Alexander Whyte of Edinburgh. Good wishes and an increase of confidence in China will accompany him to the Far East.

## FORGOTTEN MUSIC AT HASLEMERE

### THE DOLMETSCH FAMILY LOOKS BACK

Playing on the Instruments the Composers Used

### A 17TH-CENTURY DANCE

Another Haslemere Festival has come to a triumphant close.

England owes more to Mr. Dolmetsch and his family than we are likely to know for some time. But the appreciation and the competition for an empty chair and a spare bed in Haslemere shows that the Dolmetsches have not worked in vain.

These musicians, being pioneers, have trodden a thorny path. Unlike most pioneers they are constantly looking back as well as forward. They are looking backward to the time when the English were really a musical people, before they lost faith in themselves and agreed that imported operatic music was better than their own; these pioneers are looking forward to the time when old English music will be at home again in England.

### His Chief Work

Mr. Dolmetsch can point to a long life of service in this respect, in ceaseless, unwearying attempts to make us listen to what our ancestors used to listen to, and enjoy, and take part in themselves. That has been his chief work. Next has been the founding of a workshop where these old-world instruments, are made, and the endless search all over Europe for 'musical instruments and scores which have been lost sight of.

To be with these people, to hear them talk, to hear them play, is like living in another world. From the lute, viol, recorder, clavichord, harpsichord (to mention a few of the instruments played by the Dolmetsches) comes music that is unearthly in its purity and haunting sweetness.

Hearing his magnificent compositions played at Haslemere, such as the famous Chaconne in G minor for two violins, gamba, and harpsichord, one begins to have an idea of what Purcell has meant to England.

### The Lute

"I am at last beginning to understand something of the lute," we heard Mr. Dolmetsch say not long ago. As a fact there are few people alive who know more than he does of the lute, who have played it for over a generation as he has. This year, at the festival, he played Dowland's Fantasia for the lute, a composition he has been studying for years, full of technical difficulties only experts can understand.

Sixteenth and seventeenth-century music of other countries is played by the Dolmetsches—chiefly French and Italian; and, of course, the giant Bach has always a big share of the programme. This year there have been programmes of religious music, a great deal of it very old and new to the hearers. Then, as if to mark the height of the festival, which all the way through is most informal in character, as if our friends are playing to us at their own fireside, there came a performance of old dance tunes and music.

### An Ancient Hurdy-Gurdy

Suddenly Mr. Dolmetsch appeared in a costume of ancient days, carrying an ancient hurdy-gurdy, which sounded more like bagpipes than anything else; and to this quaint and delightful music two people danced a seventeenth-century French dance.

Several of the concert party danced and sang old-time movements in this charming way. No one will ever forget the sight or the sound, and it was remarked that the genius of much of that music was that in its purity and sweetness it could stand the strain of endless repetitions of a phrase and not become wearying.



## A TINY WORLD ONLY 300 MILES ACROSS Rare Visitor That Few People Have Seen WHERE A MAN WOULD WEIGH TWO POUNDS

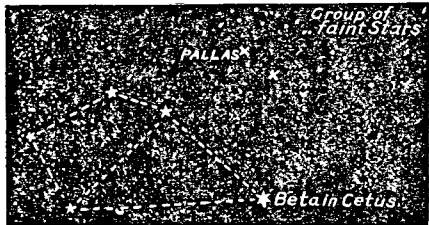
By the C.N. Astronomer

The Great Square of Pegasus is now high in the south-east sky.

The four fairly bright stars that form the Square can be easily identified, the area of the sky they enclose being more than twice the size of the Plough of Ursa Major.

They were described in detail in the C.N. for October 20 last year, and are of interest now because to the south-east of this Square of Pegasus two planets are approaching the Earth and coming into view in the evening. These planets are Uranus (which will be dealt with next week) and Pallas, which is much the nearer, but being such a little world it is, of course, very faint. It will be just perceptible through good field-glasses on a clear, dark night.

We should look for it toward midnight; then, between the south-east corner of the Square and the horizon, five stars



Where to find Pallas

may be seen, arranged as shown in the star-map. They are the five brightest stars in that region, covering an area of the sky almost as large as the Square. They belong to the constellation of Cetus, and by their aid the locality of Pallas may be found, together with a group of little stars curiously arranged as shown. These will be visible in the field of view of the glasses.

They are all brighter than Pallas, which will be in the position shown by the X at the beginning of the week; it is, however, travelling south-west and by October 1 will have reached the position of the lower X on the map.

This rapid movement will enable observers to identify Pallas easily, provided that the optical means at their disposal are powerful enough. An astronomical telescope with a two-inch object glass will reveal Pallas quite well on a clear night without any Moon; so a week hence will be the best time.

### Once in Three Years

It is only for three or four weeks about once in three years, that Pallas comes near enough to be seen with glasses, so very few people have ever seen it; and this is not to be wondered at, for its diameter, according to Professor Barnard, is only 304 miles. Were Pallas as near to us as our Moon it would appear as a sphere little more than one-seventh as wide.

The mean distance of Pallas from the Sun is about 258 million miles; it is therefore placed rather more than halfway between the Sun and the orbit of Jupiter, the great planet which affects the motions of Pallas so much. It is at present about 170 million miles from us, and appears almost as faint as an eighth-magnitude star. Its disc is about as large as England.

One wonders what possibilities there are for life on such a strange little world, where the horizon would seem so near and a man would weigh only about two pounds, and where we could easily jump over a six-storey building or off a mountain top—that is, provided that Pallas has air and water such as we have. Of this, unfortunately, there is no evidence. Must that world, therefore, be a wasted, joyless, and useless mass? G. F. M.

## THE ELEPHANT AND THE LITTLE CHILD

One of the aristocrats of Ceylon, Great Chief Sir Solomon Dias Bandaranaike, has written the story of his life.

Perhaps the strangest tale in it concerns one of his elephants. The mahout had misused it, and the great creature killed him. Then it marched off into the jungle.

It wandered angrily about all that night, and next morning appeared near some native plantations in search of food. Terrified villagers fled from it, and the hullabaloo angered the already furious beast still more.

### A Queer Incident

A woman in a little hut heard it coming, and, fearing that it would wreck the hut in its rage (like the elephants we saw filmed in Chang at the Polytechnic), she picked up her child and dashed out of the hut, right in the elephant's path. It killed her instantly, and the child rolled out of the dead woman's arms.

But now a queer thing happened. The mad beast went up to the child, caressed it gently with its trunk, and went quietly on its way.

Mahouts and tame elephants eventually captured it, and in time it recovered its temper and its senses and became as quiet as ever. It was insane when it killed the woman, but even in that mood it remained true to the elephant's wonderful tradition of gentleness with children.

### A Royal Salute

Sir Solomon has other and less tragic tales to tell. Some years ago the Duke of Connaught visited Ceylon, and one night, as his train was dashing through a certain station, there was a series of deafening explosions. Of course everyone thought bombs had been thrown. The train was stopped, the guard and driver rushed along to see if the royal traveller was safe, and others looked about in the darkness for assassins.

It turned out that the stationmaster had put detonators on the line to act as a royal salute. When asked why he had done it without permission he replied that he did not ask anyone's permission to show his loyalty to the King's uncle!

### The Servants and Grace

Sir Solomon had a minor embarrassment when the Duchess of St. Albans visited him, and the native servants, instead of addressing her as Your Grace, kept saying "Grace, your bath is ready," or "Here are your letters, Grace." They never could remember to put Your in front of Grace, and the Duchess enjoyed the joke very much because her name happened to be Grace.

This Cingalese nobleman will forgive the C.N. for liking a quotation from the Koran above all the other things in his book. He says that when he thinks of the dogs and horses he has loved in his long life he comforts himself with this verse:

*The Birds of the Air, the Beasts of the Field,  
Are People even as thine; and unto Allah  
shall they return.*

## TRACTOR PRINTS A NEWSPAPER

A short time ago one of the most terrible floods in the history of Tasmania caused heavy loss of life and property.

The story has reached us of how the Tasmania Examiner managed to make its appearance in the worst hours of the flood, at a time when the electric power had failed, and when it was vitally necessary to keep people informed of the growth and extent of the disaster.

The Examiner came out in spite of all difficulties. The editors got hold of two farm tractors. With one of them they drove the newspaper press, the other driving a dynamo to provide electric light.

With these two agricultural machines the paper managed to make its appearance until the floods subsided.

## RAYON Silk and Its Rival

### ASTONISHING FIGURES

As the world progresses in manufacturing power, and as invention yields an ever-increasing harvest to mankind, articles which once were luxuries come to be regarded as common necessities of daily life.

One of the most striking illustrations of this fact is afforded by the invention of artificial silk, the use of which has become so common that we already regard it much as cotton was regarded before the war.

Although the use of artificial silk has increased so enormously it is a curious fact that as much real silk as ever is made. Indeed, there is a tendency to increase the output of the silkworm. If we take the Italian silk trade, one of the largest in the world, we find that in 1928 the output of real silk was more than in the year before the war.

### Rapid Growth

While real silk is thus holding its own the production of artificial silk has increased so greatly that, whereas the Italian industry had a very slight production in 1913, it had grown in 1928 to more than four times the production of real silk.

The figures for the production of artificial silk in various countries are truly interesting. America produces 98 million pounds of silk, Britain over 50 million pounds, Italy 45, Germany 41, France 30, Holland 16, Belgium 15, Switzerland 12, Japan 12, and Poland just over seven millions. The total for last year was 347 million pounds, compared with 266 million the year before.

In the United States the artificial silk producers recently determined to call their product Rayon, and this example has been followed in Great Britain. It appears, therefore, that in future we shall have to ask for Rayon when we want artificial silk.

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

### How Many Respirations in a Minute Does a Man Make?

Twelve to nineteen. A horse makes only six to ten respirations, whereas a rabbit makes fifty to sixty.

### Which Character in Shakespeare's Plays Says the Most?

Hamlet, who in the play of his name, speaks 1569 lines. Richard III comes next with 1161 lines. Macbeth utters only 705 lines, and Romeo 618.

### What is the Highest Temperature Ever Recorded in Great Britain?

The greatest shade temperature was 100 degrees Fahrenheit, recorded at Wilton House, Salisbury, on July 15, 1881, and at Greenwich Observatory on August 9, 1911.

### Does the Common Gull Nest in England?

No; but it breeds abundantly in Scotland and the North of Ireland. The herring gull nests on Lundy Island, at Flamborough, in the Channel Islands, and at some places on the south and south-west coasts of England, as well as in Wales, Ireland, and Scotland.

### Which Was the First Locomotive Built in America?

The Tom Thumb, built by Peter Cooper of New York and tested on August 28, 1830, when it carried six men and drew a car with another 36 men at 18 miles an hour. It was really only a roughly-made model to show that locomotives could be built in America.

### How Are the Nobel Prizes Awarded and What is Their Value?

The prizes, which vary in value from time to time, are worth about £8000 each. There are five prizes and they are awarded annually to men and women eminent in the following subjects: Physics, Chemistry, Physiology or Medicine, Literature, and the Cause of Peace. The Physics and Chemistry prizes are awarded by the Swedish Academy of Science, the Medicine Prize by the Stockholm Faculty of Medicine, the Literature prize by the Swedish Academy of Literature, and the Peace prize by a committee of five elected by the Norwegian Storting or Parliament.



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Instead of tea, plain milk or other beverages at or between meals let your children drink delicious "Ovaltine."

School Children must have

**OVALTINE**  
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

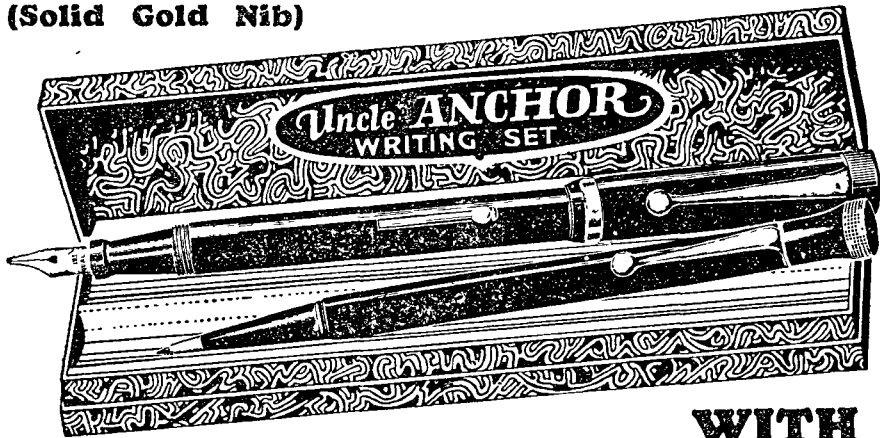
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### Questions for Competitors

1. What is New Zealand's greatest Industry and what does it manufacture?
2. Why should people buy Empire Products?
3. What materials are used in making "Anchor" Condensed Milk?
4. How are "Anchor" Products brought from New Zealand?
5. What are the uses of "Anchor" Condensed Milk?
6. What is the name of the Native People of New Zealand?
7. Why do the pastures of New Zealand produce such good milk?
8. What is the name you should state when buying New Zealand Dairy Products?

Write out your answers, together with your name and address, on a piece of white paper, attach the label from mother's tin of "Anchor" Condensed Milk, and post to:

Competition. Dept. "C,"  
Amalgamated Dairies, Ltd.,  
3, Laurence Pountney Hill,  
London, E.C.4.

Prizes will be awarded for the most complete and interesting answers; account being taken of the general neatness and handwriting.

Make the acquaintance of "Uncle Anchor" who has some real surprises for you on your birthday, and also at different times of the year.

Answer the questions to the best of your ability, and await the Postman, but don't forget to attach a label from "ANCHOR" CONDENSED MILK.

## HOW TO TREAT A BOOK

### A Word From Manchester

#### MESSAGE OF THE BOOKMARK

When people have been taught to read the next step is to make them readers, leading them to read what is worth reading for love of reading. If that can be done it becomes a joy that lasts through life, besides opening the gates of knowledge.

Manchester is one of the cities that is doing this admirably. It has opened at its branch public libraries fourteen Young People's Rooms. There many books are on the open shelves to be read in pleasant rooms, where an assistant gives help in choosing the books that will best suit the taste of each reader. Of course books can be borrowed from the lending department, but the books in the reading rooms are to be read there, with good advice available whenever it is asked for.

#### A Warning to Readers

Every genuine reader loves books, regards them as friends, and treats them with respect, and this spirit toward books is cultivated in the Manchester Young People's Rooms in a very happy way through the bookmarks provided to "keep the place" for readers. The message on the bookmarks is so useful and right that it may be educative everywhere—in homes as well as in reading rooms. Here it is:

*Once upon a time a library book was overheard talking to a boy who had just borrowed it, and this is what it said.*

Please don't handle me with dirty hands. I should be ashamed to be seen when the next boy or girl borrowed me.

Don't leave me out in the rain; or make marks on me with your pen or pencil. It would spoil my looks.

Or lean on me with your elbows when you are reading me. It hurts.

Or open me and lay me face down on the table. You would not like to be treated so.

Or put between my leaves a pencil or anything thicker than a single sheet of paper like this. It would strain my back.

Remember I want to visit many other boys and girls after you have done with me.

Besides, I may meet you again some day, and you would be sorry to see me looking old and torn and soiled.

Help to keep me fresh and clean, and I will help you to be happy.

## THE FACTORY AS IT MIGHT BE

### Working Together

We were lunching with a Lady Inspector of Factories in Scotland.

"Have you," we asked her, "in all the years you have been looking through factories, ever heard from one pair of human lips the cry: 'O dear, my work is killing me monotonously. The same thing over and over again'?"

"No," she said slowly. "Though I have talked with so many, nobody has ever complained. But I see the weariness in their eyes very often."

"O," she went on, with a burst of eloquence, "for a factory where people will do something different, passing from job to job all day long! Would it not be pleasant, for instance, to have the job of inspecting some place hung with brilliant green leaves and bright flowers in which day by day, in great airy rooms, reformers could work out plan after plan?"

Then both of us at the same time opened our lips, smiled, and uttered the name of a much-beloved city where noble plans are going forward: *Geneva*.

## QUARRYMEN OF OLD

### Discovery That Shows How They Broke Rocks

#### LIME BEFORE GUNPOWDER

Before gunpowder and other explosives were used for quarrying the old quarrymen used lime as an explosive. A reader of the C.N. writes to tell us how.

For a quarter of a century he has himself used explosives, and, though he had always heard that the quarrymen of generations past employed lime, he had never known how, and not the oldest living quarrymen in his neighbourhood could tell him.

Some time ago, while he and his fellow-workmen were removing the earth and rubble from the top of some old workings in order to blast anew, he came upon three charges of lime in the middle of a yard-hole. It was here that the old quarrying finished, and that took place so long ago there are no records of it.

#### How the Stone Was Blasted

Our C.N. reader thinks it must have been hundreds of years ago that some dead and gone quarryman left these charges of lime, each about a foot long, in position, and went off without waiting for the result.

From an examination of them and of their position the quarryman thinks this is how they were employed.

Suppose (he writes) there was what is called a lift about three feet thick between one bed of granite and the one above it. The old-time quarrymen would drill a triangular hole about an inch and a half along each side of the triangle to within some two inches of the lower bed. They would pour into the hole about ten inches of water; then put on top a charge of about a foot of lime, and ram the whole well down with sandstone. When the water reached the lime which was in the middle of the drilled hole the lime would irresistibly expand and the block of material would burst bodily.

#### A Prehistoric Method

If the lime had been put at the bottom of the drilled hole, where explosives are put now, the block of stone would split only at the bottom.

Our correspondent has one of the old charges practically complete, and rightly believes that his description of it and of the old method of employing it will prove interesting to people today.

It is more than likely that the old way of working described by our reader dates back to prehistoric times.

## WHAT A TOWN MUST FIGHT AGAINST

An old lady once spoke contemptuously about "this so-called Twentieth Century."

Sometimes we feel inclined to agree with her. Sometimes we come across such an uncivilised state of things that we rub our eyes and look at the calendar to make sure that we are not really living in 1729.

Think, for example, of the fact that in Bermondsey there are 18,146 houses and tenements with only 150 bathrooms between them!

Dr. Salter, who has worked in Bermondsey for 30 years, says the people are too poor to spend money on bathrooms, milk, fruit, or country holidays.

And why are they so poor?

*Because nearly every seventh shop in Bermondsey is a drink shop.*

We have many times referred in the C.N. to the gallant efforts Bermondsey is making to beautify its streets and public places, but what town can fight against Drink? Bermondsey spends £1,335,000 a year on alcohol, and there is little left to spend on such things as health and beauty.



# THE GOLD THIEVES

By T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 25

The Rescue Fails

FORGETTING all about Crogan, Bruce started up the beach to Clive's rescue, but he had gone only a few steps when he pulled up short. One thing Bruce had learned during the past few weeks was not to act on impulse, and he realised that to go charging blindly up that bluff was simply running bull-headed into trouble. He could see neither Lamar nor Clive; he did not know exactly where they were, and, anyhow, by the sounds, it was clear that Lamar had already made Clive prisoner. No; his best plan was to wait and hide, swoop down on Lamar, and, if possible, catch him unawares.

He turned and glanced at Crogan, whose great frame was just visible in the fireglow. The man was still struggling and yelling loudly, but it did not seem to Bruce that he was in serious danger. Bruce decided he could be left for the moment, and he himself moved quickly and quietly away to the right, out of the circle of light from the fire. His plan was to get close under the bluff, creep along under it, and wait for Lamar. Lamar would be holding on to Clive, and Bruce intended to jump at him from behind and get him down. Once he was safely tied up the trouble would be at an end, for Crogan could be dealt with at leisure and Kerry was harmless.

It was quite a good plan, but, alas! it went wrong. Bruce, you see, had expected Lamar to come down on the western side, because that was the direction in which Clive ought to have been moving. Instead he came down on the other, the eastern end of the cove, and an exclamation of bitter disappointment escaped Bruce's lips as he saw the two dim figures appear on the beach a good hundred yards from his own lurking place. Bruce saw it was out of the question to reach Lamar without his seeing him first, so he simply flattened himself under the bluff and waited.

Lamar was making for the fire and pushing Clive in front of him. Kerry had put fresh wood on the fire, which was now burning brightly, and by its light Bruce saw that Clive's hands were tied behind his back. He could see Clive's face too, with lips tight-set and a glow of anger in his eyes.

"Not scared, anyhow," said Bruce to himself. "Now what's going to happen?" All this time Crogan had been howling for help. Seeing Lamar, he yelled direct at him. Lamar was not pleased.

"Stop zat noise!" he cried angrily. "Eef you no stop I leave you vere you ces." "I'm in a quick! I'll be drowned if you don't hurry!" wailed Crogan.

"And eef you ces drowned I do not sink anyone be sorry but yourself," snapped Lamar. "Vait until I get zis boy tied, zen I come help you."

Bruce's heart leaped. He saw a chance after all. Lamar pushed Clive down beside the fire on his face, knelt on him, and proceeded to tie his legs together. Then he got up and turned to Kerry.

"You vatch 'eem. Eef you no vatch I break your neck ven I come back."

Then, picking up a coil of rope, he started down toward Crogan.

The moment his back was turned Bruce came with a run. He knew Kerry would call out when he saw him, so he kept close under the bluff until he got well behind the man. Then he came softly, and on the loose sand his steps were soundless. He was on Kerry before the latter had the faintest idea he was close, and he caught the man by the throat, not roughly, but with a grip which told the fellow what he might expect if he tried to call out.

"Make a sound if you dare!" he said gruffly in his ear, and Kerry collapsed like a pricked bladder.

To make things safe Bruce gagged him with a scarf, then, whipping out his knife, turned to Clive and with a couple of quick cuts freed him.

"Are you hurt?" Bruce asked swiftly. "Not a bit," was Clive's answer as he sprang to his feet. "I was a fool to get caught, but Lamar was too smart for me."

"Never mind that now," Bruce answered. "We've got to get away before Lamar comes back."

"But the gold," said Clive. "It's gone. Your father's taken it in their canoe."

"He's here!"

"Yes, and gone. But don't waste time talking. We must hurry up the bluff, get back to our canoe, and go downstream to catch up Uncle Quentin."

Clive nodded, and they started. "Hurry!" hissed Bruce, looking back over his shoulder. "Crogan's out."

It was true. As Bruce had thought from the first, the quicksand was not deep, and the moment Crogan got hold of the rope Lamar flung him he was able to extricate himself. Now he and Lamar were coming back up the beach.

Bruce and Clive ran hard, and if only it had been dark would have got clear before being seen. But the fire was now blazing brightly, and the flames, illuminating the whole beach, showed up their flying figures plainly. Lamar was the first to see them, and he screamed like a panther. Luckily for the boys, he had no gun and Crogan's was empty, and before they could reach the fire and find fresh cartridges the boys were scrambling through the thick brush which clothed the whole side of the steep bluff.

Lamar raced ahead of Crogan. "Run!" he yelled. "Eef ve do not catch zem ve are done. Ze canoe is gone and ze gold too."

In answer Crogan put on a tremendous spurt, and reached the foot of the bluff level with Lamar. The boys, clawing their way up the steep, heard the bushes crashing under the giant's weight. The bluff was very steep indeed, and unfortunately the boys had not had time to pick a good place to climb it.

They reached a shelf about half way up, and to their horror found themselves trapped by a wall of rock which ran up six feet sheer behind it. Bruce could perhaps have made a jump, reached the top, and pulled himself up, but Clive, shorter and less muscular, was unable to do so, and Crogan was too close to leave time for both to escape. What made matters worse was that the cunning Lamar had gone farther along the bluff before starting up, and Bruce realised that his plan was to reach the top ahead and wait for them.

CHAPTER 26

In the Giant's Grip

BRUCE glanced round and made a quick decision. "Clive, go along the ledge and see if you can find a way up. Shout if you can."

Clive hesitated. "But you—Crogan will get you." "He won't. I'll keep him off. Do as I say," insisted Bruce.

Clive went, and Bruce turned to meet Crogan. Crogan came with a rush, and Bruce, backing against the wall, clenched his fists and made ready to meet him. But Crogan, big as he was, had no intention of meeting this sturdy youth in a straight-forward battle. He ducked sideways, shot out one great arm, and caught him by the leg. Bruce kicked out, but it was of no use, and he could find nothing to cling to. In sheer desperation he flung himself on top of Crogan, knocked him off his balance, and the two went crashing down through the bushes on to the beach.

It was lucky for both that they fell on soft, dry sand, which broke their fall; yet even so they were half stunned by the tumble. Bruce tried to wriggle free, but Crogan's great arms crushed him so that he could not escape.

"I've got him!" bellowed the big man. "I've got him, Lamar!"

"Zen 'old heem vile I get ze ozzer," snapped back Lamar from somewhere in the darkness above.

Bruce's heart was in his boots. To have been so near to success and then fail like this was very bitter. And no chance of help. The thought of Bleak flashed through his brain, big, staunch, steady Bleak. If only he were here instead of miles away down the Lizard! He stopped struggling. Pinned beneath Crogan's massive weight, he was only wasting his strength. Crogan chuckled, and, holding him with one hand, pulled a piece of cord from his pocket.

"Reckon I'll make you safe and then help Lamar round up the other lad," he remarked.

A shadow shot out of the gloom behind Crogan; it leaped into the air and fell upon his shoulders, knocking him sprawling on his face in the sand. Bruce did not wait to inquire who had come to his assistance; he was up in a flash, and he and the other seized Crogan, pinned him down, and tied him with his own rope. Before the big fellow quite knew what was happening he was bound, gagged, and helpless, and Bruce scrambled up, to find himself face to face with his helper.

"Uncle Quentin!" he gasped. "I've been waiting just across the river," was the swift answer. "I saw what was

Continued on the next page

Something to sing about!

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## AN IMMORTAL MAN AMONG US

SIR RONALD ROSS is among the immortal saviours of mankind. He has won a great victory against the legions of death and has saved many thousands of lives.

Malaria had slain millions; it had wrecked empires; its ravages had probably sapped the manhood and produced the downfall of ancient Greece; it had routed the engineers of the Panama Canal; it had brandished an invisible sword before the porchways of tropical Paradise. Yet none knew the unseen source of the deaths till Sir Ronald Ross tracked it to its dug-out.

The story of his work in combating one of man's most deadly foes is told in My Magazine for October, which is now on sale everywhere. My Magazine is edited by Arthur Mee, Editor of The Children's Newspaper, and is the magazine which a Government Committee on Education declared to be beyond praise.

## MY MAGAZINE

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## LITTLE FOLKS

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happening and managed to get back in time. But Clive?

"Up the bank there. Lamar is after him. Quick! We must help him."  
"Don't go straight up. Go round," said his uncle in a quick whisper. "You one side, I the other. And be careful. Lamar is far more dangerous than this lump."

"I know," was all Bruce said as he ran. He knew his way now, for he had seen where Lamar had climbed, and the pace he went up that bluff was amazing. Somewhere ahead of him was a sound of struggle. He pushed out of the thick sumach on top of the bluff to see Lamar a little below him. The man was lying flat on a ledge and reaching down toward something unseen below. Apparently he had hold of it and was trying to lift it. Bruce saw it all in a flash. It was Clive whom the fellow held, and he was trying to pull him up over the ledge under which Clive had in desperation taken refuge.

Bruce went forward softly, yet in spite of his caution Lamar heard and turned. Bruce leaped at him, caught him with both hands, and gave a violent push. Lamar yelled as he went over the edge, and Bruce's heart gave a great throb, for the drop was so steep he feared he had killed the man. Exactly below a stunted spruce grew out of a cleft in the rocks, and into this Lamar's body crashed, then stopped and stayed. The spiked end of a broken branch had gone through his leather belt and left him hanging like a joint of meat on a hook.

"Elp! 'Elp!'" the fellow cried shrilly. "Elp me or I fall!"

But Bruce was positively unable to help. He dropped down on the bank and began to laugh, and after a moment Clive joined in; and when Clive's father came crashing through the brushwood he found his son and nephew in such hopeless fits of mirth that the tears were running down their cheeks.

"Brace up!" he ordered. "Stop that, boys! If we don't get him down he probably will break his neck."

"It—it wouldn't be much loss, would it?" said Bruce weakly as he struggled to his feet and climbed down toward the tree.

Between them they got Lamar, but before releasing him they tied him safely. A few minutes later he lay alongside his accomplice on the beach. They left the

Continued in the last column

## JACKO'S UNDERSTUDY

BABY JACKO was behaving so badly that his mother said if he didn't take care she would pack him off to bed for the rest of the day.

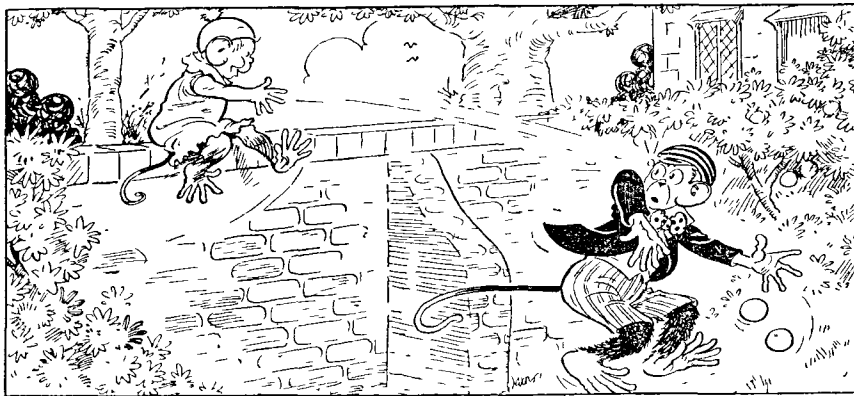
"You're getting every bit as naughty as your brother," she declared. "Give me that frying-pan; if I catch you touching it again I'll whip you."

"Want my drum," wailed Baby, bursting into angry tears.

"What's the matter, Babs?" cried Jacko, poking his head in at the window. And, before anyone could stop him, he took a flying leap into the middle of the basket of snowy-white linen.

To everyone's surprise, Baby Jacko burst into a roar of laughter. "Funny Jacko!" he giggled. "Do it again."

"Upon my word, you are getting a lad!" said Jacko, taking his little brother's hand and running him out into the garden. "What shall we do?"



Baby flung the peaches back with all his might

As Baby seemed to have no ideas on the subject Jacko swung him up on to the garden wall and asked him what he could see on the other side.

"Peaches!" replied Baby promptly.

"Can you, begorra?" cried Jacko. "Where?" And, without another word, he scrambled up beside him. "Coo! You're right!" he exclaimed. "What beauties!" And he slid down into the next garden.

The peaches evidently tasted as good as they looked.

"Tell you what, Baby," said Jacko, "we'll have a little feast. I'll pick them and hand them up to you. Understand?"

Baby nodded and held out his hands. Jacko dropped some in and went on picking.

Baby held them till Jacko's back was turned, then with a shout of glee he flung them at his brother with all his might.

"Funny Baby!" cried Baby Jacko. "Give me some more."

It wasn't Baby who felt Father's cane that night, but Jacko.

precious pair there and went to the fire, where they found a pot of coffee, which they put to heat.

"And now," said Quentin Winslow, "will you kindly tell me how you two came here? I knew you were in Canada from what Lamar said after he captured me, but I'm aching to know how you got here and all about it."

"Captured me," those words hit Bruce like a blow. He felt himself getting hot all over, but, luckily for him, Clive had started to tell the story, and his blushes were not noticed. When Clive had finished his father took up the tale.

"I was asleep when these fellows got the gold. I had been up late, looking after your father, Bruce. When I woke they had left and I hadn't even time to rouse anyone and tell them. I simply ran after them. Luckily my canoe was ready for a trip, for I had been intending to go off for a shoot the very day John was hurt. I simply jumped into it and went straight after them. It was in the Big Windy I caught up and passed them, and at the lower end I tried to catch them. I damaged Kerry pretty badly, but Lamar shot a hole in my canoe, and it sank under me. Then they got hold of me and made me paddle in Kerry's place. It was Lamar's idea to turn out of the Lizard into the Wolf's Mouth."

He stopped and drew a long breath.

"You boys have done finely," he said with deep approval. "Now the sooner we get home the better for all concerned."

"But what about these thieves?" questioned Clive.

"We'll take Kerry," said his father, "and get him mended, but I don't want to be bothered with those other two ruffians, and in any case four is as many as we can carry in one canoe. The best plan will be to leave them here—without their canoe."

"What—tied up!" exclaimed Clive.

"No," said his father with a smile. "We'll leave one partly untied, and he can release the other. And we'll leave them a shot-gun and their stores. They'll have about two hundred miles to walk before they get anywhere, but I don't think we need waste any pity on them."

Clive laughed as he took the steaming coffee-pot off the fire. "It'll be a good lesson for them," he agreed.

THE END

## THE MAN WHO UNDERSTOOD DOGS And the Man Who Didn't

Rex and his master had driven sheep to the market. There they were bought by another farmer, who asked that Rex might be allowed to take them to their new home several miles away from their old home.

So Rex's master gave him his orders, and also told the new owner of the sheep exactly what to do with the dog when his work was done. "You must give him something to eat," he said, "and then tell him to go home. If you do that it will be all right."

When Rex arrived with the sheep at their new home it was getting late. The first part of the instructions was carried out strictly, and the dog had his meal at once. But the farmer thought it would be kinder to let Rex rest for the night and return to his home by daylight. So he tied him up in a shed.

Next morning the farmer came down to survey his sheep. But they were not there. Neither was Rex. He had gnawed his bonds and broken prison, collected the sheep, and returned with them to their old home.

Can you wonder that his master says no money could buy that dog!

## THE GREATEST ELECTRIC CURRENT IN THE WORLD

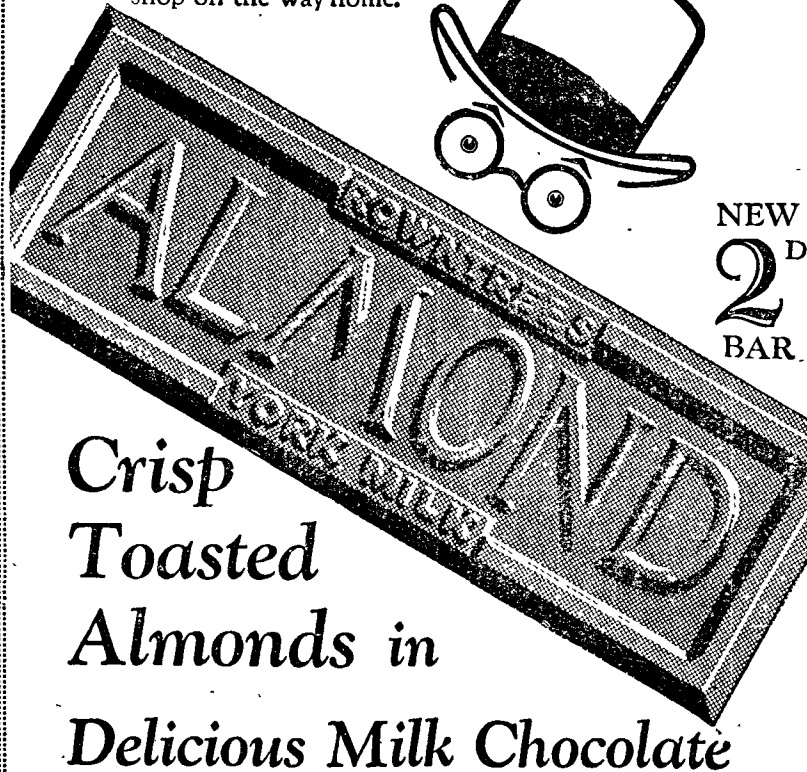
The biggest current in the world is generated by the Earth itself.

Recent researches of the heat reactions going on inside the Earth have shown that the currents generated by the drift of electrons around its axis generate more than 200 million amperes.

The Earth is, in fact, a huge dynamo generating enough electricity to supply light, heat, and power to the 10 largest cities in the world for more than one million years.

## ROWNTREE'S ALMOND BAR

"It's new, it's delicious. Get some at the sweet-shop on the way home."



## WRITER OF 1500 SONGS A K.C. and His Ballads

Mr. Fred E. Weatherly made no claim to be a poet or that any of his songs were literary. They were just drawing-room ballads, but no one wrote them better than he did.

He wrote some 3000 of these ballads and about one-half of this number were set to music. Though in the main they belong to another and a past day, it will be long ere the homely sentiment and genial humour of The Midshipmite, Nancy Lee, Thora, Tomorrow Will Be Friday, The Star of Bethlehem, and The Holy City are forgotten.

Mr. Weatherly, who has passed away in his 81st year, was a Somerset man and a K.C. He wrote some of his best-known lyrics in the intervals of the more serious work of his early years.

## WIRELESS ON THE BUS

There are many buses in Berlin which take the City workers to outlying suburbs, some of which are many miles away. These journeys are thus quite long, and a number of buses are being equipped with wireless to while away the time on the journey home.

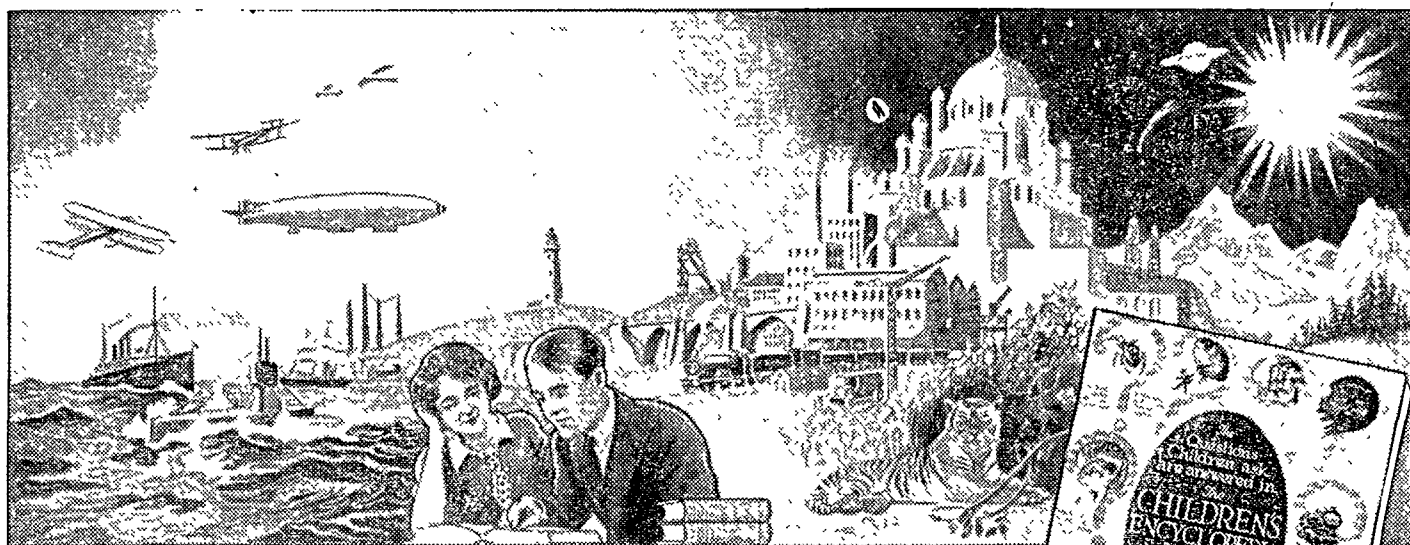
This is not altogether philanthropy on the part of the bus companies. The steamers which at present run business people home from Berlin to the surrounding lakes all carry brass bands on board. The steamers are always full, and the bus companies are going to see to it that their passengers have equal attractions.

## Pronunciations in This Paper

Cadiz . . . . . Kay-diz  
Danzig . . . . . Dahn-tsig  
Goes . . . . . Goos  
Shiraz . . . . . She-rahz  
Vigo . . . . . Ve-go

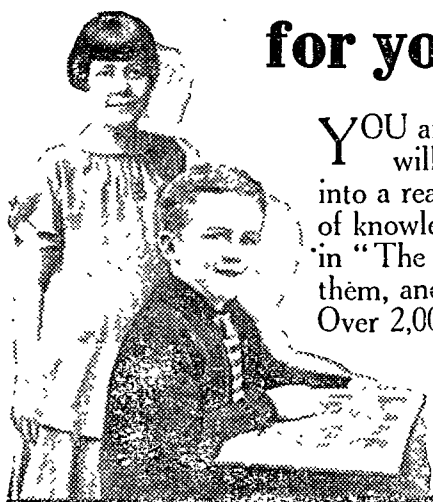


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# THE CHILDREN'S ENCYCLOPEDIA

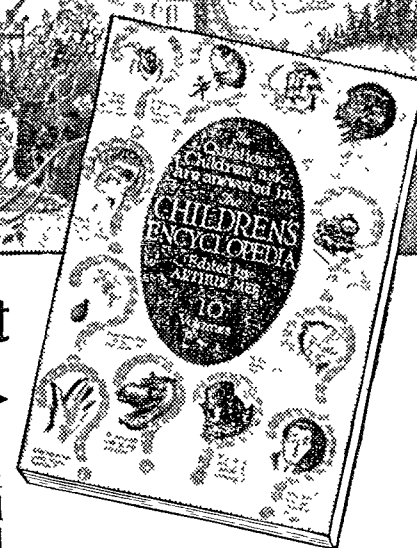
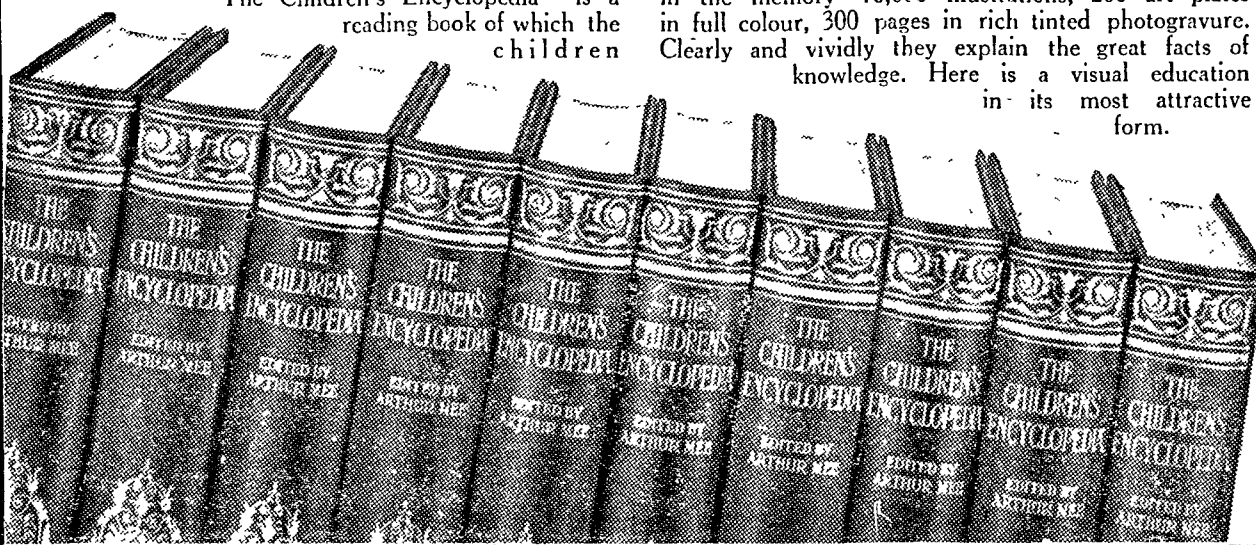
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# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

September 21, 1929

Every Thursday 2d.

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## THE BRAN TUB

### Two Prices

TOMMY went into a shop with a ten-shilling note and bought two articles. The difference in their prices was equal to twice the amount of change he received.

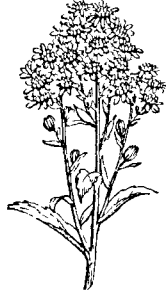
What were the prices if one was three times as large as the other?

Answer next week

### Wild Flower of the Week

#### The Golden Rod

ALTHOUGH the plant does not blossom for the first time this month, the crowded clusters of yellow flowers of the golden rod are now seen at their best. The plant, which is common in woods and thickets, was once supposed to be a cure for wounds. It was brought in a dried state from other



countries and sold in the London markets by herb-women in Queen Elizabeth's days. Then someone discovered it wild in Hampstead woods, and it was found to be a native plant of Britain.

### A Word Square

THE following clues indicate five words, each containing five letters, which when written one under the other will form a square of words.

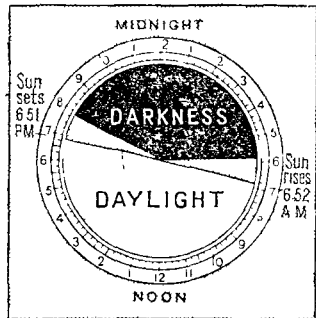
An organ of the body. To provide a fund. A wise saying. A rascal. A kind of cloth.

Answer next week

### Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE note of the ring dove ceases. The hedge sparrow begins to sing again. The drone fly enters houses. The herald moth is seen. Beech-mast falls. The tutsan turns brown. Lime leaves begin to fall. The birch leaves turn yellow. The laurestinus flowers. The golden rod is now found at its best.

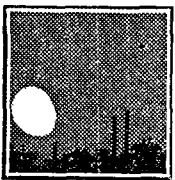
### Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows shorter each day.

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Venus is in the East. In the evening Saturn is in the South-West and Jupiter and Uranus are in the East. Our picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 11 p.m. on September 24.

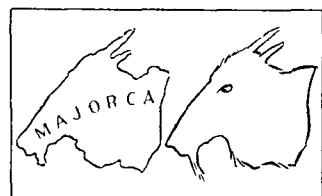


### An Enigma

I'M the only one, but there are more, For each man owns a pair Unless deformed. I know it's claimed There are many by the sea and shore. While I am precious, I'm under foot By men and women and children to boot.

Answer next week

### Pictures From the Atlas



HERE is another picture from the atlas—the island of Majorca turned into a goat. Look in your atlas and see if you can find other places that resemble animals or objects.

### A Charade

MY first is made when men combine, And in such union strength they find. Devout, apart, my second lives, Her life to deeds of mercy gives. My third a small boy's great delight, And sometimes heard in thickest fight.

My who'e within this verse you see, A question it will ever be.

Answer next week

### Ici On Parle Français



Un acrobate Un en'once- Une ambulance

Cet acrobate se tient en équilibre. On met le buste dans l'enfoncement. La voiture d'ambulance est prête.

### Do You Live at Hounslow?

THIS name was originally spelled Hundeshloew, which means the burial-mound of Hund or Hunda, no doubt some prominent chief who was buried there in days gone by.

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

#### Find the Fishes

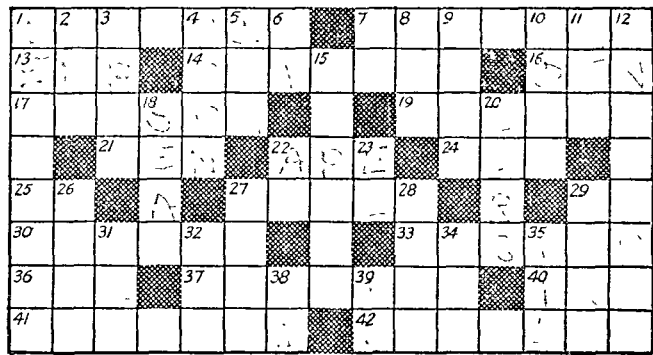
Mackerel Haddock Gudgeon Sardine Sturgeon Turbot

#### Word Square

G R O V E W H O L E S O M E R I V E N O V E R T V E R S E W H A T A M I ? E N T E R S P E C T A C L E S

### The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 47 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by an asterisk in the clues which appear below



Reading Across. 1. Rehes on. 7. Luggage. 13. To transgress. 14. An egg-case. 16. A cave. 17. Fairness. 19. Discourses. 21. Males. 22. A monkey. 24. An obstacle. 25. A command. 27. Two-footed. 29. Virginia\*. 30. To come in sight. 33. A movable festival of the Church. 36. A little heap of sand used by golfers. 37. Gaping. 40. Wrath. 41. Penetrated. 42. Floors of a building.

Reading Down. 1. To detract from. 2. Before. 3. A flat-bottomed boat. 4. Midday. 5. To put on. 6. Saint\*. 7. Exists. 8. An exploit. 9. Clothing. 10. A Hebrew month. 11. Obtain. 12. Entraps. 15. To chance. 18. To wither. 20. Organs of hearing. 22. A sloth. 23. Early English\*. 26. Expanded. 27. A sloping bank in Scotland. 28. A hollow depression. 29. Extremely. 31. A founding. 32. A Scottish county. 34. Gone. 35. To bind. 38. War Department\*. 39. Exists.

## Dr. MERRYMAN

### None But the Best

MR. NEWRICH was in the furnishing store.

"Now here's a beautiful suite," said the salesman. "Genuine Chippendale."

"No good to me," said Mr. Newrich. "I don't want anything that's chipped."

### Law

LITTLE Joan was always asking questions.

"What keeps us from falling off the Earth when it is upside down?" she asked her daddie.

"The Law of Gravity," was the reply.

"But how is it that people didn't fall off before that law was passed?" was the next question.

### How It Looked to Him



WHEN Piggy saw the sunset he in admiration cried: 'It's like a slice of bacon on An egg that's nicely fried!'

### Slightly Mixed

JOHNNIE was rather inattentive during the lesson, so the teacher fired a question at him. "What is a primeval forest?" he was asked.

After a slight pause Johnnie replied: "A forest where no human hand has ever set foot."

### Quite Certain

THE solicitor was trying to be funny at the expense of an opposition witness, an old countryman.

"But wise men doubt things; only fools are sure of their case," said the man of law.

"Are you sure of that?" queried the witness. "Yes, absolutely," was the reply.

### Guilty

THE Road Hog was summoned before the magistrate for speeding.

"Did you not see the notice which said 'Ten miles an hour limit'?" he was asked.

"No, sir," was the reply. "How do you expect me to read it when travelling at sixty miles an hour?"

## A TRAGIC QUEEN

defeated and fled into the neighbouring country.

Then followed the saddest years of her life. She was moved from one place of detention to another. Always there was plotting to make her Queen. It was believed that she knew of these plots

and finally, when she was a grey-haired woman, though only 44, she was beheaded. A very sad life, sadly misused, full of mistakes. Here is her portrait. Who was she?



## WHO WAS SHE?

HAPPINESS does not preserve many names in history, but sorrow does. Perhaps the most tragic woman who ever lived began her life with everything that envious people might envy. She was born a princess. Her father was the king of a small and rather poor country, noted chiefly for its wild beauty and the energy of its people. Her mother was a Frenchwoman of high rank. Her father, the king, died in the week when she was born.

Before she was six she was sent to France to be educated. Before she was sixteen she was married to the heir to the French throne; before

she was seventeen she was Queen of France; and before she was eighteen she was a widowed queen in a foreign land, which, however, was more like her home than her native country could be. That country, where she had been queen without ruling for over eighteen years, was in a state of unrest. It was tired of being under French influence. She returned to it from France an inexperienced stranger, out of touch with its ways of thought.

She had grown into a beautiful woman. Of all the many men who wanted to marry her she chose a cousin, younger than herself. By the

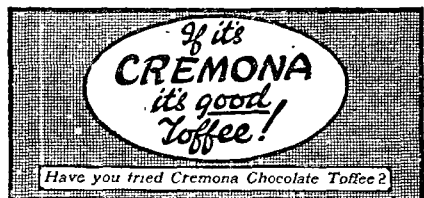
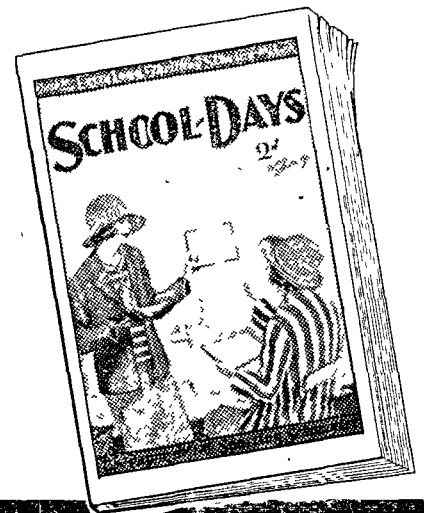
time she was twenty-four they were living very unhappily, though they had a little son.

Not much happiness had come to this girl born to queenship. And indeed she had not the wisdom needed for winning happiness. She showed that by her third marriage. Her second marriage ended through the mysterious murder of her cousin-husband, and in less than four months she married the man regarded as his murderer.

She was called on to resign her crown, and her little son was crowned King, while she was shut up in a castle on a lake. She escaped and tried to regain her throne, but was

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